Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 208. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

IN THE STOCKS.—No. 9: MR. LANDON RONALD.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's D.B. brown fleece, warm winter overcoat; suit man 6ft., 44in. chest; practically new; worn two or three times; cost 63s., 25s.—Box 121, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Gentleman's superior leather dressing case, with 9 best quality fittings, 7/6. —Box 123, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Portmanteau, solid leather, 27in. by 15in. with cover, in good condition, cost £5, 30/-.—Box 124, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's warm grey Chesterfield overcoat, medium size, excellent condition, 7/6.—Box 125, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful black Melton cloth overcoat, lined squirrel fur, large beaver collar, as new, 4gs., 42in. chest, 54in. length. —Box 126, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 2 really good secondhand real solid leather portmanteaus, 30in. and 33in.; lowest price. — Box 127, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1490.

Phenomenal neck-increasing exercises; will increase neck measurement two or three inches in one month's time; World's Champion Wrestler's secret method; P.O., 1s. 1d.—Box 122, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

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FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1496.

Dated, October 26, 1912.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

For billiard tables, see Riley's announcement, page 1494.

1912 Model-de-Lux B.S.A., 3-speed, 26 frame, gear-case and saddlebag, two brakes; almost new.—Box 140, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Amusing sample sent post free novelties, puzzles.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

MEDICAL, &c.

Are your false teeth dirty, looking bad, and breeding dangerous germs? Dentoline, the only artificial tooth-cleaner, instantly removes saliva, nicotine, etc. Send 6d. for large trial packet.—Walker, 39, Wheathill Road, Anerley.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer? Relief given any complaint, 1s. 1d., post free; state complaint; genuine.—Box 120, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 3029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

To Sportsmen! How to make a magnificent embrocation; genuine old recipe; send P.O. 1s.—Box 9950, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"X.L.C.R." Curlolena, the sure hair curler; bottle, P.O. 1s. 1½d.; two 1s. 10½d.—Fergusson, 25, Winchendon Road, Teddington, and 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, N.E.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1493.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

For books, see Caxton Publishing Co.'s announcement on page 1489.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Roneo duplicator (foolscap) wanted; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 972, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Character from the Handwriting: As a special offer to readers Mons. Enris (League Member) will give expert delineation; enclose P.O. 1s. 1d.—6, Pocklington Terrace, York.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1487.

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Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

We are confident you won't like it. But, however distasteful, it *must* be done. Mr. Landon Ronald, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, run by the City Corporation, you are "In the Stocks."

The letter which you penned in defence of the substitution of German for British pianos at the Guildhall School of Music was horribly weak, and it would have been much better for you if you hadn't said so much.

There was a time when the average German-made piano was, taken all round, a better and cheaper instrument than the average English-made piano. That time is long past. The centre of superiority has shifted from Germany to England, and for preference to be given at the Guildhall School of Music to the foreign piano is absolutely inexcusable, and justifies unmitigated execration.

* * *

Endorsing a Protest.

Modern Man endorses every word of the protest made by Mr. Henry Billinghurst, managing director of the famous firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited: "It seems to me a public scandal that a great school of music, employing British professors, teaching British scholars, and supported by the Corporation of the City of London, should be flooded with foreign-made pianos—in no way superior to those of British manufacture, which they are replacing—and made the means of advertising German instruments amongst our most promising future professional and amateur musicians, at the expense of the citizens of London—a city which should give the lead in patriotism to the whole Empire."

* * *

Asylum Surroundings.

In the case of a woman named Ada Mary Gertrude Missenden, at one time head nurse at a London County Council Asylum, who pleaded guilty to stealing evening gowns from the house of her employer, the chairman at East Sussex Quarter Sessions advanced an interesting and uncommon theory in explanation of her conduct. He said that the strain of association with lunatics had evidently had a harmful effect upon her.

This may or may not be the case; but at any rate it is to be hoped that such evil effects are not exerted with equal force on every employee in lunatic asylums. For if so, we can imagine that anybody living in the same house with a retired attendant of such an institution had better keep a wary eye on his belongings. And cannot you hear already the carefully rehearsed plea of every Bill Sikes in the country: "Please, your Worship, I uster work in a barmy asylum, I did?"

* * *

Manchester University "Frolic."

There is a saying that "boys will be boys"; but one does not expect absolute puerility from undergraduates of a University. The Manchester University men—if indeed they can be given that designation—would appear to have lapsed into a state of infancy, judging from their behaviour on the first day of the term that has just lately started.

These dare-devil blades rang up the police asking for assistance in quelling "a frightful disturbance," and on the arrival of a force of constables, welcomed them in a crowd, "cheering, chaffing and singing." Some of the bloods then marched up and down the line of policemen, thrusting bottles of beer under the noses of the constables, and inviting them to have a drink. Eventually two of the undergraduates were arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct, being afterwards liberated on bail.

Now probably these two (and the others in a hardly lesser degree) probably regard themselves as the prime movers in a disturbance worthy of the most riotous "rag" at Oxford or Cambridge. But in reality they are simply a set of inane young squirts, who ought to be kicked.

* * *

White Slave Traffic Bill.

Certain amendments, urged by *Modern Man*, and proposed to be introduced into the Bill prior to its final presentation, are in danger of being lost. The force of opposition to these amendments is growing outside the House, and the defence of them within the House shows signs of weakening. The demand is being pressed for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill."

It is because of our whole-hearted sympathy with the principles and the objects of the Bill that we still urge alteration of details that we hold to be inimical to the prospects of the Bill's working efficiency.

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Have you read page 1496?

* * *

An Amazing Legal Anomaly.

Prosecuted at Birmingham, a betting man owes his escape from conviction to an amazing "fluke." He was charged with betting in a tavern, the landlord of which was charged with permitting the betting.

The jury intimated in a note to the Recorder that they had arrived at the conclusion that the betting was clearly proved, but that the evidence was not sufficient to show that the landlord saw or knew of it.

This amounted to "guilty" in one case, and "not guilty" in the other. But two precedents were instantly adduced in substantiation of the extraordinary fact that the law had laid it down that in any such double prosecution the two must be convicted or neither can be convicted. Where a bookmaker is in the habit of frequenting a public-house to carry on betting, it is necessary to prove that, on any specific alleged occasion, he was using the house with the sanction of the landlord.

The Recorder said he had himself been reading the mentioned precedents. "I was amazed," he confessed. "The less said the better. I must say I should have thought that if a man carried on betting in the room of a public-house he was guilty, whether the landlord knew it or not. But we are all bound by the law."

As the case could proceed no farther, both defendants were formally acquitted and discharged. Was there ever such a surprise packet as English law?

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Milk Oh!

For three years three German scientists have been trying to show that milk can be made without the help of any cow, and now acclaim their success. They offer us milk in the form of a synthetic product composed from cereals and water. The manufactured article is—of course—said to be far superior to the natural article.

As a "synthetic product" the "new milk" may be entitled to a place among modern successful chemical experiments; but we do not anticipate that the made milk will throw out of employment the milk maid.

Lunatics are not always easy to classify, but there can be little doubt that well up in the list is the proper place for the quintessential idiot who cannot see a rare and beautiful bird without treating it to the contents of his shot-gun, thus preventing such birds from becoming more numerous in the country. Here is an undoubted opening for the introduction of some salutary laws.

* * *

Discouraging Professional Soldiers.

We have alluded more than once to Lord Haldane's iniquitous rule by which more than 10 per cent. of eligible soldiers are forbidden to re-engage to complete twenty-one years' service with the Colours and thus to qualify for a pension.

The rule is, of course, a direct discouragement to the man who wants to make the Army his life's profession; and so, too, are the military marriage laws.

Under them only three per cent. of the rank and file are allowed to marry "on the strength," and marriage "off the strength" often means misery, for the wife is not officially recognised—(N.B.—The marriage is perfectly legal)—and the husband has to maintain her out of barracks on his slender pay.

We do not suggest that every soldier should have the right to marry "on the strength," but if we want professional soldiers marriage facilities should be largely increased to well-conducted men who evince a desire to stick to the Army.

* * *

Niggers at White Schools.

"*Apropos* your recent remarks on black and white marriages, immense harm," writes a correspondent, "is done by allowing boys of colour to be sent to school in England.

"The British schoolboy does not draw the colour line, and the 'nigger' is treated as an equal. Then he returns to his own country to be treated as an inferior, as he must be in any country where we rule an overwhelming native population by prestige and the sword.

"Naturally he is upset and frequently turns to sedition. Mr. A. E. W. Mason dealt brilliantly with this danger in his novel, 'The Broken Road.' To give a case in point: When the Jam of Nawanagar (Ranjitsinjhi) was here all clubs were open to him. In India he cannot be a member of a European club, and to many he would not be admitted even as a visitor. I don't say that the 'black man' should not be educated, but let him be educated in native schools and colleges in his own land.

"It will save him many heart-burnings, and eliminate a considerable element of danger to the Empire, for the English-educated 'nigger' often becomes a most dangerous sedition-monger when he returns to his own country."

* * *

Nursing Homes Victimised.

If you should chance to run up against "Sir Richard Storr, M.D.," just "tip the wink" to the nearest policeman, and you will be doing the community a service.

This ingenious and incorrigible rogue has been victimising nursing homes in a way that certainly does not lack the merit of originality.

This is his *modus procedendi*: He first rings up the matron of the home selected, and states that he wishes to arrange for the admission of a patient who is to be operated on in a few days by an eminent surgeon.

Then he makes a personal call, and skilfully diverts his conversation with the matron into the channel of rescue work he professes to be doing among the poor on the Thames Embankment.

A donation from the sympathetic matron testifies to the convincing way in which he "tells the tale," and then he takes his leave, telephoning next day to the effect that unfortunately his patient has died, so that the "eminent surgeon" will not call, but that he himself will look in in a few days to "settle up things."

Of course, he does nothing of the kind. He is no longer "Sir Richard Storr." His name is "Walker" now. So, if you should run up against "Sir Richard" you'll know what to do.

* * *

"Given Away" with a Vengeance.

A few pointedly plain words to the inhabitants of Worksop, Notts. Good people, your admirably outspoken vicar, the Rev. G. J. A. d'Arcy, has been "giving you away" with a vengeance. But why have you made it possible for him to do so?

His indictment of Englishmen as a whole is the very antithesis of flattering, alleging, as he does, that to the drunken habits and blasphemy of those of former days, who nevertheless were noted for sincerity and honesty, they have added insincerity and lying.

But when the limelight of his criticism is directed towards *you*, O ye people of Worksop, Notts., he declares that never in the whole course of his experience has he been in a parish where lying is so prevalent as it is in the one over which he now presides.

Fie, fie! You really must buck up and alter things.

* * *

Crude and Primitive.

Some people's notions of the law in relation to matrimony are astonishingly crude and primitive. Walter Hyde, of Runcorn, having, as he deemed, a sufficiency of reason for alleging immorality against his wife and a man named Yarwood, thought he had legally severed the cords binding him to her by writing across their marriage certificate: "I agree to hand my wife over to Yarwood for Yarwood to maintain her and to free myself."

He is now firmly persuaded that he was entirely wrong in his supposition, for, having taken unto himself another wife, as he believed, he has been committed for trial on a charge of bigamy. Sort of game of Hide and Seek, eh?

* * *

Football Referee's Rough Time.

"Gallant little Wales" is in danger of becoming a misnomer. At Treorchy the other day the referee at a football match was savagely set upon and rendered unconscious because he penalised the home team; and at another match, at Neath, the official had to be rescued by the police.

What would happen at Llanystumdwy if a helpless football arbiter were to deliver himself of an unpopular decision? We shudder at the vision the mind conjures up. Llanystumdwy is where two or three defenceless women—albeit they were suffragettes—were nearly torn to pieces a few weeks ago by a howling mob.

* * *

Roughs in Birmingham.

The capital of the Midlands has long been burdened with an unenviable reputation on account of its rival gangs of roughs, who make war upon each other and terrorise the respectable members of the community to such an extent that it is impossible to get evidence against them, people being positively afraid to appear as witnesses.

But what can Birmingham's plain-clothes police be about that such a state of things is allowed to continue? Surely they are not afraid to enact the part of ordinary citizens, and to step into the witness-box when they have run their quarry to earth? If "Brummagem's" gangs of "buttons" were to migrate to the Metropolis, they would speedily find their little hanky-panky tricks curtailed.

* * *

Send now for our Razor and Pen.

* * *

Vicar and Speculating Lawyers.

The indefatigable Vicar of Gorleston, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, has been saying of "The Voysey Inheritance," that it is a play which ought to be a factor for good. In his experience, he declares, again and again elderly, nervous ladies have been robbed of their capital by speculating lawyers who had control of the money; and he very sanely suggests that the remedy is a Bill making all such accounts in the hands of solicitors liable to inspection and auditing by a Government official. *Modern Man*, it need scarcely be said, is in whole-hearted agreement with Gorleston's go-ahead Vicar.

* * *

Wasted Talent.

The Education rate has increased so enormously beyond what it was at first, and in excess even of its originally guaranteed high-water mark, that the country ought to be getting at least approximately its money's worth. But is it? It would seem not. There is far too much useless cramming of the dullard on the one hand, and, on the other, a lack of opportunity for poor but talented boys to continue their education beyond the elementary stage, or of means to see that what they acquire is put to the best advantage.

Here is a case in point. During a visit to one of the Council primary schools, the Chief Inspector of Schools for England was much impressed by the smartness and extent of knowledge displayed by one of the elder lads. In all his experience, he said, he had never come across a boy of his calibre.

Now, in an instance like this, the education authorities ought to see to it that such a bright, clever lad should be drafted, on leaving school, into some position where his educational acquirements would have full play and completely justify their having been called into existence. Yet

the boy in question, a few weeks after the Inspector saw him, had gone out into the world to deliver telegrams!

Of course he *may* be Postmaster-General one of these fine days; but the probabilities are that he'll never rise higher than the double-peaked hat and the letter-bag. What a waste of talent!

* * *

Juror and "Man-Made Laws."

Mr. R. C. Price, the ingenious gentleman of Letchworth who hit upon an excellent means of avoiding duty on a jury is open to smile. He was subpœnaed as a grand juror at Hertford Quarter Sessions, but protested against the "trying of women by men under man-made laws." As a result of this protest, his name was not read from the grand jury list, and after the other jurors had been sworn, he was allowed to go.

There are boundless possibilities in this idea. Henceforward, if this precedent is allowed to become established, it will be in the power of any man to evade his duties if called upon to act on a jury. We cannot endorse the action of the chairman of the Hertford Quarter Sessions in allowing Mr. Price to depart. He should have insisted upon the other's officiating, or in the event of a point-blank refusal, should have imposed some arduous penalty. It is most unwise to allow agitators of this kind to get in the thin end of the wedge; and we trust that any future repetition of these tactics will be met with much firmer measures.

* * *

Army Officer's Downfall.

Guy Mortimer Fry, the ex-Army officer who has just received a sentence of twelve months' hard labour for obtaining credit of £20 and over whilst an undischarged bankrupt, seems to be pretty much of a bad egg. But there are certain points about the conduct of the case against him which by no means meet with our approval. "Fair play's a jewel," as the Irishman said; and even the biggest blackguard in the world ought to receive it in a British court of Justice. Here is one point.

Judge Rentoul said that he adjourned the case to see how lenient the sentence could be . . . "Since then he had received a number of letters giving specific details of the very blackest kind of prisoner's career . . . "

This is tantamount to an admission that those letters weighed with him. Now we have always thought that a prisoner was judged solely on the evidence taken in the actual proceedings; and we object on the strongest ethical grounds against those letters having been vouchsafed even one moment's consideration. Even the "Black Sheep" can reform.

* * *

Suffragette in First Division.

Jane Shore, a suffragist living at Letchworth, has achieved a record. She is the first suffragette to receive a sentence in the first division. In sending her to prison for three months in that division for breaking three plate-glass windows at Baldock Post Office, the Chairman at Hertford Quarter Sessions said that the Court would take a course which had so far not been adopted by any other Court, and which, without in any way sympathising with the defendant's conduct, they thought would be wise and politic. No doubt the learned Chairman used the word with all due deliberation, but why is this course wise and politic? It is not fair to the other women of Jane Shore's denomination who have committed the same offence and received far more severe punishment. If the offences are equal let the sentences be equal, is our motto; and we see no reason why one woman should be favoured above others because the methods of them all are putting the Government in a quandary.

We have already clearly outlined a method of dealing drastically with such feminine misdemeanants; and we urge the Government to act upon it—and have done with this shilly-shallying. In the meantime it is to be hoped that Jane Shore will behave herself.

* * *

Veiled Prisoners.

The fact that the accused man in the Eastbourne shooting case was conveyed to the prison from Eastbourne Station with his head shrouded in a thick veil, has raised much comment, mostly protesting against this consideration for a suspect's feelings. A correspondent writes to *Modern Man* asking "Is it right?" It appears to us that it is decidedly.

It must not be forgotten that the British law holds a prisoner innocent until he is proved guilty; and, this being the case, a man who may be—and is even hypothetically considered to be—guiltless, ought not to be exposed to the inconsequent scrutiny of an inquisitive multitude.

Whatever the Spiritual Church may be, it does not appear that membership necessarily makes for morality. At all events, when George James Cole joined that august body, he discovered that his love for his wife was dead, while, for another woman, it was very much and quite unblushingly alive. Decree Nisi.

* * *

Solicitor's "Downright Nonsense."

It is no more than right, of course, that solicitors for the defence should do their level and legitimate best for their clients; but there ought surely to be some bar against their putting forward an obviously rotten and demonstrably inveracious plea.

When Arthur Robert Eburne was charged on remand with stealing a gold watch and chain worth £15, it transpired that he was guilty also of two other similar thefts, his *modus operandi* being to go, as a prospective tenant, to houses or flats that were to let, and, in the course of being shown over them, surreptitiously to appropriate any "unconsidered trifles" he saw lying about.

Such being the fact, his solicitors made about the most disingenuous defence conceivable when he alleged it to be a great temptation for people to leave jewellery lying about for anyone to pick up, considering that his client had deliberately laid himself open to be thus "tempted."

Quite properly, the magistrate stigmatised such a defence as downright nonsense, and, instead of acting on the solicitor's invitation to deal with the prisoner under the First Offenders Act, passed upon him the exemplary sentence of four months' imprisonment.

* * *

He Wasn't Having Any.

Bad records—criminal as well as gramophone—and soft, effeminate voices sometimes go together. They do in the case of Ernest Teague. That is to say, his vocal attributes are of the kind indicated, and his social record is distinctly vicious.

He relied too much, however, on that voice of his the other day, when he found himself before the Westminster magistrate on a remanded charge of being a suspected person, and further with being subject to the Prevention of Crimes Act.

Making it sound even softer and more effeminate than usual, he insinuated penitence and intended amendment by begging that he might be allowed to see the Court Missionary. "Twelve months' hard labour!" was the form in which the magistrate delivered his disconcertingly prompt reply. He wasn't having any.

* * *

Protest Against Canting Resolutions.

We have already expressed our opinion on the Sunday Cinema, but the latest move of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of "Stop the Fight" notoriety, certainly calls for further comment. That energetic would-be annihilator of the nation's gaiety has openly announced his determination to get together as strong a deputation as possible to go to the L.C.C. and ask them to revoke the Sunday licenses for Cinemas.

Far from doing harm, the Sunday Cinema can be, and is, an incalculable influence for good in very many ways.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer declares that the employees of picture-palaces have as much right to a Sunday's rest as any other men. We quite agree; but we do *not* agree that this argument is sufficient to back up a plea for the abolition of the Sunday picture show. By all means agitate for reforms insisting that deputies be employed in such shows on Sunday. We have no objection whatever to that. In fact, we ourselves would support it. But we doubt very much whether Mr. Meyer would be satisfied by it.

The long and the short of it is that this argument is simply a specious excuse for an attack on a harmless public amusement; and to use a vulgarism, it won't wash.

On behalf of thousands of hard-working people in a city like London, *Modern Man* strongly discountenances Mr. Meyer's agitation.

* * *

Divorce Commission's Tardy Activity.

We are glad to see that our recent scathing attacks on the deliciously reposeful methods of the Royal Divorce Commission have born quick fruit. We are now informed that "the report of the Divorce Commission will be forwarded to the Home Secretary for presentation during the first week of November."

The first "Which would you save?" discussion has been followed by a second, in which the subjects of inquiry are a husband and a dog. As for the papers that have gone in for this puerile piffle, it is to be supposed that they know their public; but that such inanities should interest, or even amuse, suggests a really serious discussion around a question of more than hypothetical appeal—Is Society in its Dotage?

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Overcrowding on the Underground.

"D.F.N.D.," writing in a contemporary of ours, complains pathetically of the overcrowding of underground trains. On a recent occasion he found himself, even as a first-class passenger from Aldersgate to Baker Street, jammed against the further door of the compartment, with several others, where one could hardly breathe, to say nothing of being able to make an exit. Had that door been in any way faulty, only a miracle could have prevented them from being precipitated on to the line. And, to make matters worse, at every station still more and more people were sardined into the train.

"If nothing is done to remedy my complaint," he adds, with dismal vaticination, "one day will certainly bring disaster." Undoubtedly there will be disaster one of these fine days, for surely the good man does not suppose for a moment that anything will be done before then to remedy his complaint. Our sapient authorities, railway and otherwise, are not influenced by "may be's," or even by "will be's." It is not until the "have been's" stage is reached that they take action.

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Judge Rentoul and Flogging.

When Daniel Fitzgerald and Edward Sewell were indicted before Judge Rentoul for committing robbery with violence, his lordship observed that the law regarded the crime with which the prisoners were charged as being so serious in character that it was punishable by flogging.

They heard so much, however, about the inhumanity of flogging a fellow-man that the Legislature was too timid to say a judge must pass such a sentence, and judges were too timid to pass such sentences unless compelled to do so.

An admirable little homily. But why did Judge Rentoul not point his moral and adorn his tale by ordering Fitzgerald and Sewell to be flogged instead of merely sentencing them to a few months' imprisonment with hard labour? He, surely, is not too timid to pass a sentence of which confessedly he approves.

* * *

Keen on Fines.

At a meeting of the Worcestershire Standing Joint Committee the Chairman referred to the Home Office circular as to fines, and proposed that magistrates should continue to use their discretion. He even suggested that representations might be made to the Government calling attention to the loss likely to be incurred by the adoption of the suggestions of the circular, and asking whether the Government would make good such loss.

A large proportion of fines would never get paid at all if magistrates were to allow time for payment. Every year their police pension fund was getting less, and if they lost money from fines they might have to make it up from the rates. As a result of the sentimental view of the Home Office, there was danger that the ratepayers would have to bear a loss.

There is something in all this that seems to throw a little light on magisterial proneness to "take it out in cash" when "gaol without option" should be the sentence.

* * *

Home Secretary Shirks a Question.

The death toll of the motor omnibuses of London is so serious an item in the returns of fatal accidents that Mr. Kellaway's question in the House as to whether the Home Secretary would give precise information of the persons killed by these vehicles this year should have been answered, not shirked.

The Home Secretary "did not think it necessary or desirable to publish the particulars?" Why not? "He would, however, supply Mr. Kellaway (personally) with the information." Mr. Kellaway obviously asked the question in the interests of the public. It was, in fact, a public question, and a public answer to it should be pressed for.

* * *

War Against Poverty.

The war-against-poverty campaign, inaugurated by a successful conference meeting representing the allied forces of the Independent Labour Party and the Fabian Society, has an objective so large and so lofty that failure to attain it need not mean more than a measurable limitation of a great success. To strive for an impossible good is sometimes the only way to secure a possible good.

The fact that no war against poverty will ever abolish all poverty should by no means "stop the war." It can never be a "war to a finish," but it is a holy war, to be waged without truce, halt, or cessation.

* * *

New York Police.

Patriotic Americans should rejoice that the young Englishman who actually witnessed the murder of Rosenthal, has after all been induced to return to New York to give evidence, at whatever risk to his own life—for his attendance at the trial will facilitate that full exposure in which lives the best, if not the only, hope of re-organisation of the whole American police system.

From top to bottom, and especially at its core, that system is rotten, for it leaves control in the hands of local politicians and local political parties. In the case of the imperfections of our own police, it may be said that the pruning and topping of branches should engage our attention.

In the American case, the mischief is at the root.

* * *

Cur on Two Legs.

A ghastly story of cruelty was told in the Nottingham County Police Court, where Henry Rhodes, "a well-known Hucknall farmer," was convicted of shooting an Airedale terrier, the property of a miner, who was walking with some friends past the defendant's farm. The walkers had two dogs with them, and, running from his house with a gun in his hands, Rhodes asserted that the men had sent these dogs into his orchard. This the men denied. We prefer to believe the men, but the point is of no importance either way.

"I am going to shoot one of them," announced the human brute with a gun—and he shot the Airedale, whose lower jaw was carried away. It ran in its agony about a hundred yards before it fell. As it lay "pulling pieces of its tongue off with its paws," its owner pleaded with Rhodes to put it out of its misery.

The piteous sight of its torture "made the whole party ill." For twenty minutes the poor creature lay thus before Henry Rhodes, the "well-known farmer," complied with the appeal to finish his ghastly work. When told that he would be prosecuted, he said he was delighted to hear it.

Prosecuted he was. Shame on the magistrates who tried him, for they let him off with a fine of £2. Shame on them for not exercising their option of sending Henry Rhodes to prison.

* * *

Bishop's Grievances.

Although we are very fond of babies—when they are clean, and so long as Nursie takes them away when they show signs of fretfulness—there are, distinctly, occasions when they are out-of-place; and we are fain to sympathise with the Bishop of Bristol. His lordship strongly objects to the crying of babies (not to mention the coughing of the congregation) during confirmation services. Restrain, ye indignant matrons, the temptation to shriek "Shame upon him, for saying aught against our tender cherubs!" and give attention to the Bishop's words:—

"I have no objection to the presence of babies at ordinary services . . . but if a baby cries at a confirmation service, the head of every girl is immediately turned round, and their attention is diverted. Thus the solemnity of the sacramental service is disturbed . . . It seems to be supposed by some that a Bishop is a mere machine for saying certain words with his hand on the head of a boy or girl, and that he can go on despite all distractions."

There is much truth in these words. We are by no means sure that enough realisation is given to the solemnity of the confirmation service by women who bring babies to them. Such women when a confirmation service is in progress should either leave their infants at home, being looked after by someone else, or stay away from the church.

* * *

National Opera House.

If the nation neglects its present opportunity for the foundation of a permanent National Opera House, it will deserve never to have such a chance again. Let us rise to the occasion, and show an astonished world that, notwithstanding our tolerance of alleged German bands in our streets, and our partiality for alleged pianos in our homes, we are after all, at heart, a musical people.

A scarcity of godfathers and godmothers was deplored at the Bristol Diocesan Conference, where one cleric admitted that within the preceding few days he had baptised nine infants without such sponsors.

Other speakers regretfully confessed that a strict interpretation of Prayer-Book requirements in all cases would be likely to lead to further general neglect of the rite of baptism altogether.

It was suggested that in East London a pot of beer is a common efficacious inducement for volunteer godfathers, whose interest in the whole ceremony terminates with the emptying of the pot. The fact is that among all classes baptismal sponsorship has become little more than a farce. If godfathers and godmothers really attempted to do what they solemnly pledge themselves to do, their conscientiousness would not save them from an accusation of meddlesomeness.

* * *

Suicide for a Kiss.

The flirtatious inclinations of a Sutton, Surrey, dentist, Mr. H. S. Hirst, have resulted in tragedy. It appears that he formerly had in his employ as a "dental nurse" a twenty-year-old girl named Lena Eyles; and that when one morning he attempted to put his arm round her waist and kiss her, his wife came into the room.

Mrs. Hirst told the girl to leave the house, which she did. Two days later, however, Miss Eyles returned and insisted on seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hirst, and being left alone for a few minutes in the surgery, emptied a bottle containing 1½ozs. of strychnine. The general consensus of opinion appears to be one of condemnation of the amorous dentist, ascribing to him the onus of blame for the girl's death. We do not incline towards this opinion.

It is a pity that he should have forgotten himself, but the whole thing bases itself on the girl's probably highly hysterical nature.

* * *

Something New in Houses.

The "glass houses" referred to in the proverb have been long regarded as merely a figure of speech; but we learn that porcelain houses are a real possibility. Mr. W. Hales Turner, of Staffordshire (where the inventors come from), proposes to upset the building trade by constructing houses of thin sheets of porcelain welded on to a steel frame.

He claims that such a house would be damp-proof and absolutely sanitary, with walls which would be incapable of harbouring dust, dirt, or disease. The painter and the paper-hanger will have something to say to Mr. Hales Turner—if we mistake not. We presume that the china house would be made of toughened material, or else the combination of a small boy and a heap of stones would be disastrous to one's dwelling.

* * *

LIVING IN HOPE.

"This is all we have to offer at present Madam, but we hope to have roast Turkey on shortly."

SHAMELESS EXTORTIONS.

High Time Parliament Did Something.

Recently attention was directed in the Press to the gross and flagrant overcharges made by certain eminent barristers, whose "refreshers" range from £100 per day and upwards. Solicitors, so they assert, are compelled to pay these extortionate fees, though their clients may be "bled white" to foot the bill, while they themselves may not get, for many months' continuous attention to a case, a quarter of what the great pleader, like Sir Edward Carson or Mr. Duke, K.C., can command for a few days work at it in Court.

True, when a case is "touch and go," the personality of a leader at the Bar may make or mar its fortune. But, on the other hand, he has been instructed and his work prepared by the solicitor, who, if we are to believe members of that profession, is a very hard done by individual.

At the Mercy of Officials.

Scepticism apart, however, there is no doubt that the scandal of exhorbitant fees charged by barristers in *causes celebres* is very serious. But it is not for a moment to be compared with the disgraceful overcharges, in which the barristers engaged in public work are allowed to indulge. Private clients can, after all, if they choose, insist on employing a cheaper barrister, but the public are at the mercy of officials.

It is alleged, for instance, that Sir Rufus Isaacs received £500 per day for every sitting of the Titanic enquiry. That enquiry was nothing short of a huge waste of time, money and energy, and told the nation nothing about the disaster that it did not already know. Yet, every week during which it sat, Sir Rufus Isaacs is said to have been adding £2,000 or £2,500 to his income of £10,000 a year as Attorney General.

There are plenty of capable men at the Bar competent of doing all that Sir Rufus Isaacs found necessary at the charge of £10 per day!

Matter for the Commons.

Again, similar huge refreshers are being paid to Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., who has been engaged on the telephone enquiry, the total costs of which will, it is expected, be really staggering.

It is high time that the attention of Parliament was directed to these shameless extortions, by which the unfortunate public are made to suffer. It is the intention of *Modern Man* to get the matter raised in the House of Commons.

A GOLFING IDYLL.

I met her on the seventh green,
  Performing wonders with her putter,
And wished to say, "Ah, be my queen!"
  But not a sentence could I utter.

For weeks I'd waited for the chance
  To tell her that I loved her madly;
Yet watched her (as she took her stance)—
  Bunkered, alas, and pretty badly.

Just then that bounder, Johnson, came
  And babbled to her, standing by me;
Of course he put me off my game—
  Who cares to have a human stymie?

But, when he'd gone, I said enough
  At length to show her my affection.
I feared I'd landed in the rough,
  She didn't look in my direction.

But then she holed, no, helped me out
  By giving me some snow white heather,
Which told me we, without a doubt,
  Would play the round of life together!

L. M. O.

NO LOCAL INCOME TAX.

Our Message to Birmingham.

In an article on Birmingham in last week's number of *Modern Man* it will be remembered that we pointed out the outstanding characteristic of the Warwickshire capital—namely, a continual striving after progress. We also remarked that Birmingham was for ever mooting fresh reforms—invariably well-intentioned, but not always advisable on mature consideration.

New Powers Advocated.

Under the category in question comes the latest suggestion that emanates from Birmingham, to be precise, from a special committee appointed by the Socialist centre in that city. It takes the form of a local income tax, to be imposed on such occasions as it may be found that the town's expenditure for the year has exceeded the amount produced by a maximum rate. Here are the words of Mr. Fred Hughes, who issued the Committee's report:—

"Having examined the German system of a local income-tax, the Committee feels that while the present rating system may well be maintained as a basis upon which to meet the regular expenditure of the City, a maximum rate should be fixed, say, on the standard of the average rate for the past ten years, and the Council should be empowered, whenever the expenditure for the year exceeds the amount produced by the maximum rate, to issue a precept upon the Treasury, to be met by a local income-tax, collected at the same time and upon the same basis as the national income-tax. Both the expedients recommended would involve the acquirement of powers which the municipality does not at present possess, but which Birmingham may well lead the way in seeking."

Licensed Extravagance.

We are *not*—we rub in this fact again, having no desire to be misunderstood or misconstrued—political partisans. We applaud a good measure—irrespective of its promoting party—just as we condemn a bad or unsound one. And this mooted local income-tax, we may point out straight away, is pure "Socialism," in the narrow sense of the latter word. It may not be out of place to point out some of the undesirable points characterising such a measure.

The first one that springs most naturally and forcibly to the mind of everybody—whether he be a student of municipal economy or not—is that any addition whatever to the present burden of the rate—and tax—payer, is not only undesirable but frankly intolerable. With the national income tax standing at present at the percentage of 1s. 2d. in the pound, it is clear that no additional depredation on that already depleted twenty shillings is even to be considered for a moment. So much for this point.

Now we may not unprofitably give a little thought of an analytical character to the terms of the Birmingham Socialist Committee's report, and to the hardly veiled hints conveyed therein. We may, in other words, read between the lines.

First of all there is the very irksome suggestion of a maximum rate; and, further, in the very face of this, the words are used airily "whenever the expenditure for the year exceeded the amount produced by the maximum rate . . ." What is the meaning of this?

It is clear, on the face of it, that the promoters of this idea do not attempt to conceal the possibility that under their management the yearly expenditure would, in fact, very often exceed the amount of the maximum rate. In other words it is setting a premium on licensed municipal extravagance.

Not to be Tolerated.

It has been proved, in several towns and boroughs throughout the United Kingdom, that—(this is just a solitary example)—the towels provided for the inmates of the workhouses are paid for more highly than are those supplied to the staff at the Savoy Hotel, London. There is far too much of this extravagance, not only in little matters such as the foregoing, but in big ones, such as public building contracts, on the part of a great many municipalities; and this state of affairs must be sternly discouraged.

It is the duty of every municipal council to keep the local expenditure within the figure produced by the ordinary rates; and also to keep those rates down to a minimum. And any idea of a maximum rate, and particularly of a local addition to the income tax, is not to be tolerated for one moment.

GARDEN CITY SCANDALS.

How a Grave Trouble Has Arisen.

Unless promptly checked by the pressure of public opinion a most serious scandal threatens to overcloud the prospects of the Garden City movement, which but a while ago promised so well for social reform.

For years rich religious and philanthropic folk have been importuned to help the numerous housing projects which that movement developed. Those projects have been boomed almost *ad nauseam* in the press; public men have blessed them, financiers have nodded approval. "The man in the street" has been enthused, and the investor has "come in" to the tune of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Serious Development Probable.

Now, so it is suggested, the statements upon which this support has been obtained are not being carried out, and the most serious developments are probable.

It is in connection with a Society called Co-Partnership Tenants, Ltd., that the trouble, a very grave one, has arisen. "Co-Partnership Tenants" seek to solve the housing question on co-operative lines, by developing all the land obtainable from the Garden Cities and Suburbs at Letchworth, Hampstead, Ealing, Levenshulme (Manchester), Sealand (Liverpool), Harborne (Birmingham), and elsewhere.

The tenants on these Co-Partnership estates, it was intended, should be in quite a different position to ordinary householders. They were to control the developments of the separate estates, to elect the Boards of Management, to see that the rents charged were fair, and that the standard of building was a high one. They, for their part, were to engage to be scrupulous to do nothing that injured the property.

Threatened with Eviction.

For a time all went well. The tenant shareholders controlled their own estates and paid fair rents for good houses. Then the demon of ambition seemed to seize the promoters.

They set to work to raise money from the outside, philanthropic public. The security they offered was, they asserted, absolutely gilt edged. They circularised broadcast, and spent thousands of pounds in expensive advertising—to get back thousands more from the public! What was the result? Simply this, that the outside support thus secured has been so manipulated by the organisers who form the central Society of Co-Partnership Tenants, that the local tenants have been reduced to a pitiable position.

Their rents have been raised, the standard of building has been sacrificed. At Letchworth they have been threatened with eviction, at Ealing they have had to put up with inferior building. They complain of being "bossed" and bullied by the Central Society, and they state that they are absolutely unable to protect themselves.

Local Tenants' Defence Societies have been formed, but these are powerless, because the Central Society outvotes them at meetings.

What Investors Are Told.

All this time, while the tenants are in open rebellion, the Central Co-Partnership Tenants' Society is continuing to raise more money from the outside public on the ground of their goodwill and contentment. Philanthropists, like Mr. Rothschild, and statesmen, like Mr. Balfour, continue to lend their names to the project, and at the very moment that the tenants are trying to force the Central Society to let them manage their own affairs, that Society is shouting from the housetops that they are the happiest and best looked after in the world, and urging that as the strongest possible reason why the investor should put his money in the concern.

If the issues raised were not of such grave seriousness, the irony of the thing would be really deliciously funny. As it is, nothing can exceed the resentment of the tenants. When they proffer good money for shares in the concern, the allotment is refused them, and they are told they can buy Loan Stock, which, of course, carries with it no control in the management. "They have no more rights," said an ex-member of the Executive Council, to a representative of *Modern Man*, in the administration of their estates than have the slum dwellers of Somers Town."

Money Lavished on Appeals.

And meanwhile the Central Society continues to lavish money on its costly appeals for outside support based on the exceeding comfort and happiness of the very tenants, who are in revolt against them.

ENJOYING NATURE.

Some Thrills in the Country.

There are so many people who make themselves thoroughly miserable when amid rural surroundings.

They exclaim with infinite dreariness that they know nothing about flowers or birds or the green dress of the earth.

The moment they are brought face to face with these things their lack of accurate facts seems to stifle their sense and feelings, and they say to themselves that since they do not *know* they will not allow themselves to *feel*.

Attitude Made Plain.

Though I write from a deal table in a London flat, and not from a pulpit, please, I am still in absolute agreement with Wordsworth in the purely sensuous side of his famous lines:—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"—

—except that I would substitute the word "thrills" where he uses the word "thoughts"; by which change my attitude towards Nature is at once made plain. It is frankly sensuous, pagan, a deep well of inexhaustible sensation of the most exquisite and burning loveliness, peace, satisfaction, contentment.

When face to face with any aspect of Nature's alluring beauty, I feel no sense of littleness in myself. I have no self-condemning twinges of conscience.

Wine of Life.

I take without question the wine of life as it is offered to me through every one of Nature's moods and aspects.

When I strain every muscle, as I climb to the top of the down and stagger on the summit, as I meet the full force of the sea-borne wind, it matters nothing to me that that same wind is a compound of strange and ill-named gases.

There is something more than mixtures and percentages in that vigorous breath that keeps fresh and sweet with many flowers and grasses the age-old barrow crowning the everlasting hill.

When I look down upon the blossoms of a hundred different plants happy in their Downland solitudes, blooming without an audience, never waiting for the crowded trainloads of excursionists, I let slip all book knowledge of pistil and stamens, pollen and petal, the jargon of the botanist and chemist, and I live.

And at night it is well to forget the figuring of the astronomer deep in his calculations, as one joins in the harmonious music of the spheres, and shares the night with a million stars, and sighs with sheer gladness that darkness puts so sure a barrier between day and day.

No Isolation.

From the rain-soaked fields over which I tramp with laboured stride; from the river waters sending up their ceaseless, noiseless noise; from the voice of the late thrush modulating his song in the gathering dusk; from the breath of the cattle, streaming in at eventide to the shelter of the byre; from the hum of the milk upon the pail as it spurts from the swollen udder; from the weird call of the curlew in the night sky; from the ominous flight of the lonely heron—from these and from a thousand other wondrous sounds and sights and scents I gather life's sweetest experiences, and in their companionship there is no isolation.

C. EASTON GREY.

INDISCRETIONS.

Who was the fair-haired youngster who went into a well-known saloon-bar not a thousand miles from Shaftesbury Avenue, and a favourite resort of the "heads" who talk of racing though they bet not, and who came out an hour or two later and confided to a scornfully pitying policeman that he had been given a doped whisky and soda and robbed of some thirty-five pounds worth of "ready"?

* * *

We are interested to know how much longer a certain West-End music-hall is going to tolerate the nightly appearance of two quite mature damsels in the promenade, wearing their hair in pig-tails, and short skirts reaching to about two inches below the knees.

* * *

Not long ago, a journalist occupying a position on the editorial staff of a London daily wrote a series of letters to various millionaires, using the paper's headed notepaper, and threatening to publish spicy details concerning the recipient's past life, unless, etc. As the result of one millionaire's wise action in promptly writing to the Editor, the enterprising scribe was sacked (he was not prosecuted for fear of a scandal); but it is whispered that he collected such comfortable sums from the more timorous of his victims that he need never stain his fingers with ink again.

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Why was it that a certain famous K.C., on being approached by a solicitor on behalf of a male petitioner in a forthcoming divorce, immediately refused the brief on learning the names of the parties in the suit?

* * *

Why was it that the street newsvendors in Maiden Lane, Bedford Street, and district, so rapidly disposed of their stock of copies of *Modern Man* containing the article on "Villainous Agents"?—and why did the purchasers make them tempting offers in order that they should expose no further copies for sale in the neighbourhood?

* * *

Why is it that at a fairly new "mixed" social club not far from the Marble Arch the electric light has a pleasant habit of going wrong for about a quarter of an hour every night without fail?

* * *

And why was a raw newly-engaged attendant promptly dismissed, the other night, for bringing lamps when the usual breakdown occurred?

* * *

Why have a rather shifty couple of individuals, who, until recently, did a "tipping" business in Great Windmill Street from a newspaper-shop address, so suddenly dissolved partnership?

* * *

We permit ourselves to draw the attention of the police (who really ought to need no telling) to the activities of a French youth of about seventeen, who, attired in a very tight-fitting light fawn overcoat, parades up and down St. James's Street and Pall Mall and accosts men leaving their clubs in the small hours of the morning.

* * *

We wonder whether all the newspaper puffs about the Prince of Wales at Oxford are likely to make him popular with the Magdalen men, and whether His Royal Highness is not more than a little annoyed by them?

TO LLOYD GEORGE —THE EARTH.
TO F.E.SMITH
LYNCH LAW
TO JOHN BURNS A LIMELIGHT APPARATUS
TO BONAR LAW.—, BALFOURS SHOES.
TO C.F.G.MASTERMAN — MODEL OF A WELSH CHURCH.

The recent presentation to Mr. Winston Churchill of a blackthorn from Ireland—Sir Edward Carson was also given one a short time ago—has suggested other ways of recognising prominent politicians.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XIV.—BY METHODS CIRCUMSPECT.

By ADAM STERN,
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

Dunlop Kane sat filling an armchair in his comfortable bachelor's den one night when a knock came on the door and young Vance came in. Young Vance and he had grown very friendly in the past few weeks. Vance occupied a flat on the floor above Kane's. He was thin and frail, dark as a gipsy, with a zealot's eyes and a peculiar winsome helplessness of demeanour most appealing to such a nature as Kane's, endowed more than the usual with the instinct to shelter and protect. He was twenty-four, though he could easily have passed for eighteen.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked, hesitating a moment.

"Not a bit of it, young Vance. Draw up a chair and make yourself snug. But first get a drink—and one for me, too. There's some beer in the cupboard." He glanced at a book on his knees, to make a mental note of the page, then tossed it on the table and stretched himself enjoyably, smiling in the middle of a grimace.

Bottle and glass tinkled as Vance poured out the beer. Kane watched him shrewdly. "You've been over-doing it again, I see," he said. "Look at that hand. Lord Almighty save us! it's not a bit of use talking to you."

Vance did not reply, but he smiled a little, as if pleased at being scolded. When he sat down he lost himself in abstraction.

The minutes ticked by.

"Getting on all right?" asked Kane, as gradually a spirit of melancholy settled shadow-like on his friend's face. Vance looked across at him brightly.

"I think so," he said, and felt in his breast pocket. "If it wouldn't bother you too much. . . you know how your opinion helps me."

"Get on with it," said Kane comfortably. "Your confounded diffidence will be your ruin."

Vance brought out some manuscript, waited a few moments, and then began to read from it. He opened haltingly, stumbling over certain words, using bad phrasing. But gradually, as the matter got hold of him his voice grew stronger, and the cadences of it rose and fell in the quiet room, like the notes of low music heard from a distance.

He was silent at last, and folding up the papers he put them in his pocket. He looked at Kane with haggard eyes.

"Well?" he said.

"It'll do," said Kane, nodding. "It's all right." He sighed a little, and then rose to his feet. "But listen to me, young Vance; you're bleeding that book, and unless you're very careful you'll be veal before it's finished. Go and put your hat on. We're going for a long walk. What you want is exercise, m' son."

He escorted him to the door with his arm round his shoulder. "Get a wiggle on you," he said, and clapped him on the back.

* * *

The time came when Vance's inspiration began to fail him. He took to coming down to Kane with a sheaf of papers in his hand, and a look of restrained desperation on his face. "You may as well see what it's like," he said, "before I burn the blasted stuff."

Kane would listen—eyes half shut, the smoke curling idly from his pipe. "It's all right," he said. "Stick to it, young Vance." But he offered no protest, nevertheless, when Vance was as good as his threat.

He went up to see Vance one night, walking in unexpectedly, and found him sitting in the dark, his hands clutching his head, dry sobs issuing from between his clenched teeth. He rose erect with a gesture indescribable. Kane lit the gas.

He stood for a moment looking at his friend with a smile half earnest, half whimsical, then he went over to him and slid his hands down his arms till he had him by the wrists.

"Now look you here, young Vance," he said, "I'm going to take you in hand. You'll drop that book for a bit, m' son. Drop it for altogether. And you'll come away with me. I've informed old Prosing that it's necessary for me to amuse myself for a bit while I think out some fresh schemes for boosting up the business, so the road's all clear. Give me that stuff of yours." He took up the accumulated manuscript, resisting Vance's effort to stop him, and quietly went out. He heard Vance whimper as he closed the door.

Kane took him down to a relative's in Kent, to a house where there was a large and unruly family, and there, after staying a week, he left him.

Three weeks later he had an intimate and ardent confession—better described, perhaps, as a symphony anent Mabel. Kane smiled to himself, with the content of a prophet whose predictions are coming true. A fugue succeeded. There was no getting away from the persistent theme of Mabel.

The infants (so Kane classed them) paid a flying visit to town after a while; Vance reborn; a roguish and sparkling Mabel. Kane felt patriarchal. He saw them off on the train at night, bestowing his benevolent blessing.

Time went on.

Kane sent a letter to his cousin one day, saying: "Mabel darling; when are you going to send that man back to his work?" He received a reply that the "invalid was progressing favourably, able to sit up and take a little nourishment." Followed endearing epithets, a description of qualities in Vance which Kane had hitherto overlooked. "The hedonists!" he murmured; "Sufficient unto them if the day be sweet."

But at last, Vance still dallying, he sent a further note to Mabel, this time a private one, requesting her to come to town, but to say no word to anybody. She was of the modern order, fearless, independent, free to do as she liked. She came unchaperoned—drove with him to his rooms—had tea. She bubbled over with hight spirits, bright as a gleam of sunshine. He had that way with him which allows a girl to be wholly herself, wholly safe.

"Now listen to me, young lady," said Kane, "I didn't get you up here simply to renew the ache which lodges in the bachelor breast. It's about young Vance. . . Of course, you know that he writes? Well, sit quite still, and be an attentive infant."

He read steadily for nearly an hour and a half. When he looked up at her she was strained and wide-eyed and rigid. "Philip wrote that?" she whispered. Kane did not answer. He laid the manuscript on the table.

She suddenly hid her face. "It hurts me," she said. "I didn't know . . . I thought just little things . . . not beauty like that. It's like a god coming down on a cloud with a great white sword . . ."

"He's got it in him," said Kane.

He waited a moment, and then leaned forward, looking intently into her face.

"Do you love that man well enough, Mabel," he said, "to give him up?" She put up a hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"Out of love of him?" insisted Kane . . .

He went on to talk to her, forcefully, compellingly. She listened, and occasionally nodded. When she got up to go she was steady-lipped and calm, betraying no sign of the fear at the bottom of her heart.

* * *

Vance came back. He did not advise Kane of his coming, and a day or two went by without Kane venturing near him. Then Kane went up.

Vance was writing at his table, sun-tanned and clear of eye. He looked up at his visitor, and for several moments regarded him without speaking.

"Glad you're back," said Kane.

Very coldly and deliberately Vance answered: "Mabel and I have broken off our engagement by mutual consent. We found we had made a mistake. I don't want to refer to the matter again."

"All right," said Kane. Halfway down the stairs he heard Vance's voice. "You might bring up that manuscript of mine." Kane did so.

"I'll make it good, by God!" said Vance.

* * *

Not till it was finished did he know how Kane and his cousin Mabel had arranged it.

(Another complete story next week.)

HERE AND THERE.

Potted News and Humour.

At a "Jungle Dinner" given recently, the menu, which was printed on pieces of birch bark, included such delicacies as giraffe tail soup, canapé of parrots' tongues, matelote of vipers, bear steak, rubber leaf salad, and birds' nests. Up to the time of going to press no deaths are recorded.

* * *

A paper recently awarded the palm of cool audacity to a man who picked up a book on a bookstall outside, took it into the shop, and sold the bookseller his own book. This almost rivals the cheek of a man who stopped an electric car to ask the conductor if he had a match!

* * *

An M.D. has burst forth thus:—

He who's insured against his will,
Will very often find he's ill;
But he who pays while he's in pain,
Will very soon get well again.

* * *

The Millie-Christine "twins," who have just died in Ohio, were even more remarkable freaks than the Siamese twins, for they were not only joined together but actually shared part of the same spine. They were, however, independent individualities, and were even known to quarrel with one another.

* * *

No one would guess (unless he had studied the annual report issued the other day) which coin was turned out from the Mint in the greatest quantity last year. It was not the penny, nor the shilling, but the sovereign. The figures are interesting:—Sovereigns, 30,044,105; Pence, 23,079,168; Shillings, 20,065,901; Halfpence, 12,576,880; Sixpences, 6,155,310; Half-sovereigns, 6,104,106; Florins, 5,951,284; Threepences, 5,843,075; Farthings, 5,196,800; Half-crowns, 2,914,573.

* * *

An inmate of one of the prisons in Ayrshire burst into song suddenly, and continued singing with all the strength of his powerful lungs for two days and two nights. During that time he took no food, drank nothing and disdained the solicitations of warders and governor.

* * *

A young gentleman was spending the week-end at little Willie's house, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the verandah, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

Then, during a pause in the conversation, little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped:

"Am I as heavy as sister Mabel?"

* * *

NOTHING DOING!

IN THE RING.

Boxers and their Prospects.

Billy Papke and George Carpentier will provide the tit-bit of this week's boxing, although to-night's championship match at the National Sporting Club between Digger Stanley and Alex. Lafferty for the Bantam-weight Belt will be the most interesting bout as far as clean, scientific boxing goes.

Stanley is perhaps second only to Jim Driscoll when it comes to real cleverness. On top of this he has every little dodge up his sleeve ready to unhitch the moment the necessity arises, and his tantalising smile when he has his opponent mystified is about the limit. Lafferty is certainly a good boy, and has a decent record, but if Stanley is as fit as he says he is, he should have no difficulty to-night.

* * *

Papke's Chance Against Carpentier.

Reverting to Wednesday's match between Papke and Carpentier, there are many boxing followers who would not walk across the road and pay sixpence to see it. Papke is a man who could punch a large hole in a brick wall, providing he was given about ten minutes to set his feet firmly; but against a faster and clever boxer, who knows how to use his feet, he looks foolish.

Anybody who saw Papke against Jim Sullivan last year in London will see the truth of this statement. Sullivan kept moving in and out, easily scoring at long range, while Papke dived all over the ring with the weight of his own punches. Sullivan was foolish enough to get over-confident before he had his opponent sufficiently winded, and walked right into one of Papke's haymakers..

Carpentier, however, can be trusted to keep his end up, and the chances are Papke will find himself floundering before very many rounds have been fought.

* * *

Desirous of Meeting Wells.

By the way, much surprise was in evidence at the temerity of Carpentier fancying his luck against Billy Wells, but things must be getting warm when Billy Papke announces his desire to meet Wells. Perhaps Papke will simmer down after Wednesday next. We are hourly expecting Sid Smith to join the "White Hope" brigade with a challenge to Jack Johnson. One never knows to what extent some boxers' heads are capable of swelling.

* * *

Johnny Summers, who has agreed to appear in four matches at Premierland, keeps his first engagement there next Saturday night, when he boxes Young Joseph. Don't hurt him, Johnny!

* * *

On Saturday next Bandsman Rice will meet George Rodel at The Ring over a ten rounds course. Rice has great aspirations to the light-heavyweight championship, and Rodel should prove a pretty severe test for him.

* * *

Seeing is Believing.

Since our remarks re the rumour that Jack Johnson was negotiating a match with Sam Langford and Sam McVea, a cablegram says that Johnson will fight the two men for a sum of £10,000. He has agreed to meet Langford at Sydney on Boxing Day, and McVea later on. As we said last week, this can be taken seriously when the men are actually in the ring.

UNAFFECTED.

It isn't wise for anyone to be too frank in criticisms. The other day the little daughter of a painter called at a friend's house and said:

"Show me your new parlour rug, won't you, please?"

With great pride the hostess led the little girl into the drawing-room, and raised all the blinds, so that the light might stream in abundantly upon the gorgeous colours.

The little girl stared down at the rug in silence. Then, as she turned away, she said in a rather disappointed voice:

"It doesn't make *me* sick!"

ALONG THE LINE.

Football Notes and Forecasts.

In my article last week I dealt with the play and prospects of the South African team of Rugby footballers now over here, and I am giving more space to them in this issue without making any apology for so doing.

Question of Fair Treatment.

It is not, however, either their play or prospects I am going to deal with, but the question as to whether or not they are being fairly treated by the sporting writers of this country. Up to the time of going to press with this issue they have played four games, all of which they have won fairly on their merits, and yet they have not been given the credit to which they are due; rather have the gentlemen who are paid to report their doings to sporting readers, done their best to minimise the victories of the visitors by making all sorts of excuses for the vanquished.

Not only is this unfair to the fine set of players we invited to visit these shores, but is, to say the least, most unsportsmanlike, and cannot tend to create the good feeling that is so essential if the game is to be conducted on clean lines. There is nothing to my mind more likely to upset a player, or make him become more reckless and unnecessarily rough than to keep taunting him with the fact that luck plays a big part in all he does, and without it he could not hope to be victorious.

Ridiculous Excuses.

It seems to me that the good old days, when sportsmen took their defeat with good grace, and did not hesitate to admit that they had met a better man or combination of men are fast declining, and giving place to all sorts of ridiculous excuses for the losers.

Not only in football is this noticeable, but almost every other branch of sport. There is not the slightest doubt that the teams beaten so far have met a better set of men, faster and cleverer in every department, so why not admit the fact at once, and instead of moaning and endeavouring to belittle the merit of a worthy opponent, foster the sportsmanlike hope that we may yet be able to place in the field a set of players capable of overthrowing him, and so upholding our prestige as the finest exponents of the game in the world.

If, on the other hand, we are destined to be beaten on the field by a better opponent, let us raise our hats to him and recognise it in the proper manner.

* * *

The Fine on Millwall.

Millwall are the first team to fall foul of the Management Committee of the Southern Alliance, they having been fined £10 for not playing at least seven men who took part in the previous Southern League match in their game with Cardiff.

The rule distinctly states that "clubs shall play at least seven of the players that took part in the previous Southern League game," but of the side that turned out against Gillingham only Spendiff appeared against Cardiff, and this, to say the least of it, was a poor compliment to pay the Welsh team after travelling all the way to New Cross.

It is not a bit of use making a rule if it is not adhered to, and this, in my opinion, is one that should be rigidly enforced, but it is open to question if it will ever be abided by unless the fine is made much heavier.

* * *

Appended are my customary selections.

HOME WINNERS.
SUNDERLAND.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY
MANCHESTER CITY.
BIRMINGHAM.
NORTHAMPTON.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.

AWAY WINNERS.
ASTON VILLA.
PRESTON NORTH END.
MILLWALL.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.
Derby County and Liverpool.
Everton and Newcastle United.
Huddersfield and Hull City.
Crystal Palace and Merthyr Town.

MY NOTE BOOK.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

My note a few weeks ago assuring readers of prompt attention in the matter of supplying the complete shaving set and fountain pen needs referring to again.

Owing to the extraordinary success of the razor and pen scheme there has been a delay in executing some of the orders, a fact which I very much regret, but the staff engaged to cope with same has again been increased, and no effort will be spared to execute all orders daily in future.

* * *

LEEDS READER AND CORSETS

E.S.B. (Leeds), writing in support of corsets for men, referred to last week by Capt. Saunders, says:—

"My profession keeps me much cooped up all day, and, therefore, it often happens that I have little leisure for physical exercise. I found years ago that the tired feeling which comes over one towards five o'clock in the afternoon, was much diminished if one had some slight support for physical fatigue. Bending over the drawing-board all day, I used to suffer from great stiffness in the back. Upon the advice of my wife, I commenced to wear corsets, and at first found them most trying and uncomfortable. However, after some months' experience I began to derive much benefit from the support, and now after some five years I would not be without them. I may say that to get the real benefit one must lace the corsets tightly. My wife has always worn very tightly laced corsets, and her waist measurement is only seventeen inches, yet she can cycle up stiff hills without the fatigue and distress evidenced by many of her physical culture friends. My own waist measurement is now twenty-three inches and I am about six feet tall."

It would be interesting to know the opinions of other readers of *Modern Man* on this subject.

* * *

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

Christmas is coming, and, at the request of Sir Wm. Treloar, I am again reminding my readers of the distribution of hampers and clothing to poor crippled children.

In his letter Sir William states:—

"Every year for the last eighteen years, I have, by the kind permission of the Corporation, entertained some 1,200 poor children at the Guildhall.

"I hope, as usual, to dispatch the welcome hampers to my little friends on the morning of the day when this annual banquet will again be held.

"I am hoping that this year I shall be able to say I have denied no deserving applicant. As usual, I propose to hand any balance I may have to the Hospital and College for Crippled Children at Alton, which bears my name, and to the Ladies' Guild which has been formed for the purpose of clothing the 270 children residing there.

"Donations may be sent as heretofore to me, addressed 'Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper and Clothing Fund,' 69, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C."

* * *

PETERBOROUGH AND THE SHOPS ACT.

With regard to the paragraph given last week, pointing out that when a measure has become the law of the land, it must be obeyed, etc., I have received a communication from the President of the Wolverhampton and District Small Traders' Protection Association, from which I am pleased to give publicity to the following extract:—

"If two-thirds of any particular class (or all classes) desire to be exempted from the obligation to close for the weekly half-holiday, the local authority is empowered to make an order exempting shops in their area.

"In the same way the local authority, instead of granting total exemption, may issue an order extending the hour of closing on the weekly half-holiday.

"The exemptions relate only to the closing of the shops. The assistants must still have their weekly half-holiday, beginning not later than 1.30 p.m."

* * *

WHERE TO GET TICKETS.

To readers in Newcastle-on-Tyne and district. Have you secured your tickets for the *Modern Man* second annual dance, to be held in Newcastle on November 12th? If not, write at once to Mr. George F. Jeffryes, Ridley Cottage, Ridley Villa, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 15: SUPERINTENDENT McCARTHY, CHIEF OF THE C.I.D.

The new Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, in succession to Superintendent Froest, has been in the service thirty-one years, and, like all other high officers, joined as a constable.

Unlike others, however, he spent the comparatively short period of about five years in the uniform branch, his ability and astuteness quickly securing him recognition, with the result that he was soon drafted into the central criminal department, and after serving a year or so as detective-constable was transferred to Bow Street as a sergeant. Here he remained several years, and was concerned in numerous well-known cases, including the "World's Great Marriage Association" frauds seventeen years ago.

Leaving Bow Street he returned to the Yard, and specialised in extradition work, and also did some excellent work in the police agitation against the white slave traffic.

During this period Mr. McCarthy was promoted to inspector, and when Mr. Melville retired from the chief inspectorship of the "special branch," Supt. McCarthy succeeded him.

One of the principal duties devolving on the "Special Branch" Department is the safety of all foreign monarchs and other potentates when visiting this country, and also to guard the British Sovereign when his Majesty travels abroad and during his public movements in this country. These duties have necessitated Superintendent McCarthy travelling practically all over the world. He accompanied the present King, when Prince of Wales, to Madrid, on the occasion of the wedding of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie, when an attempt was made on the life of his Spanish Majesty. Superintendent McCarthy has been on special "protection" duty with practically every crowned head of Europe.

Queries for the Modern Woman.

Do women possess that gift of humour, that lively sense of repartee, that droll way of seeing things and putting them, that has distinguished so many men? This question came up for discussion in a certain club not long ago, and we said yes, of course; for we felt there was hardly a chance for argument. And yet, when one of the company went to a public library and began a systematic hunt for women's wit through its several hundred thousand volumes, there was an appalling paucity of information on the subject.

There were several thousand volumes concerning Women (with a capital W). There was one book that treated of women under three heads—her vices, her duties, her perfections—and the first chapter filled up most of the volume. There were plenty of books treating of the relation of woman to man, etc., but none of them mentioned her wit. In short, there was only one book there that really treated of this interesting topic, and that was one entitled "The Wit of Women." Of course, there were plenty of references to witty women; but so few items of evidence!

Banished from Court.

Madame de Stael was one of the wittiest women in all history; yet see what happened to her! Was it not her witty, not to say sharp retorts that banished her permanently from Napoleon's court?

And the result of that hunt through the tomes of the public library was the definite conclusion that only those women who had not a shred of other reputation left could afford, in those bygone centuries, to allow themselves one for wit; in short, that they could afford a wit among other immoralities, having nothing to lose.

Are Brothers Unfair?

A correspondent has raised the question: "Are brothers fair to their sisters?"

Certainly the girls who have brothers are more favourably circumstanced than those without, that is, if brothers and sisters are real companions to each other; but brothers are rather apt to take for granted those home duties which fall to the lot of sisters in general, and to make little or no return for them.

To explain what I mean. When the income is small, very often one sister will be kept at home to do the work of the home, even when the other girls go to business; while in better off homes, where the sisters do not actually do the work, they frequently contribute in many little ways to the comfort of the brothers.

Looked Upon as a Right.

Sisterly duties will often include keeping her brother's clothes in order, tidying his bedroom, or doing extra cooking. If the brother invites friends, the sister will undertake all the preparations. Unfortunately brothers get in the way of looking on these things as their right, and when the sister in her turn may require to be fetched from a concert or escorted to the theatre it is looked upon as a bore or a tremendous favour.

There is no doubt that an affectionate brother will do every bit as much for his sister and more than she does for him. A sister is often very much in need of an escort when she wants to go to an entertainment or party. Mothers and fathers do not always care to be dragged from the fireside; not only that, but in many cases the elders are not wanted, as the invitation is meant for young people.

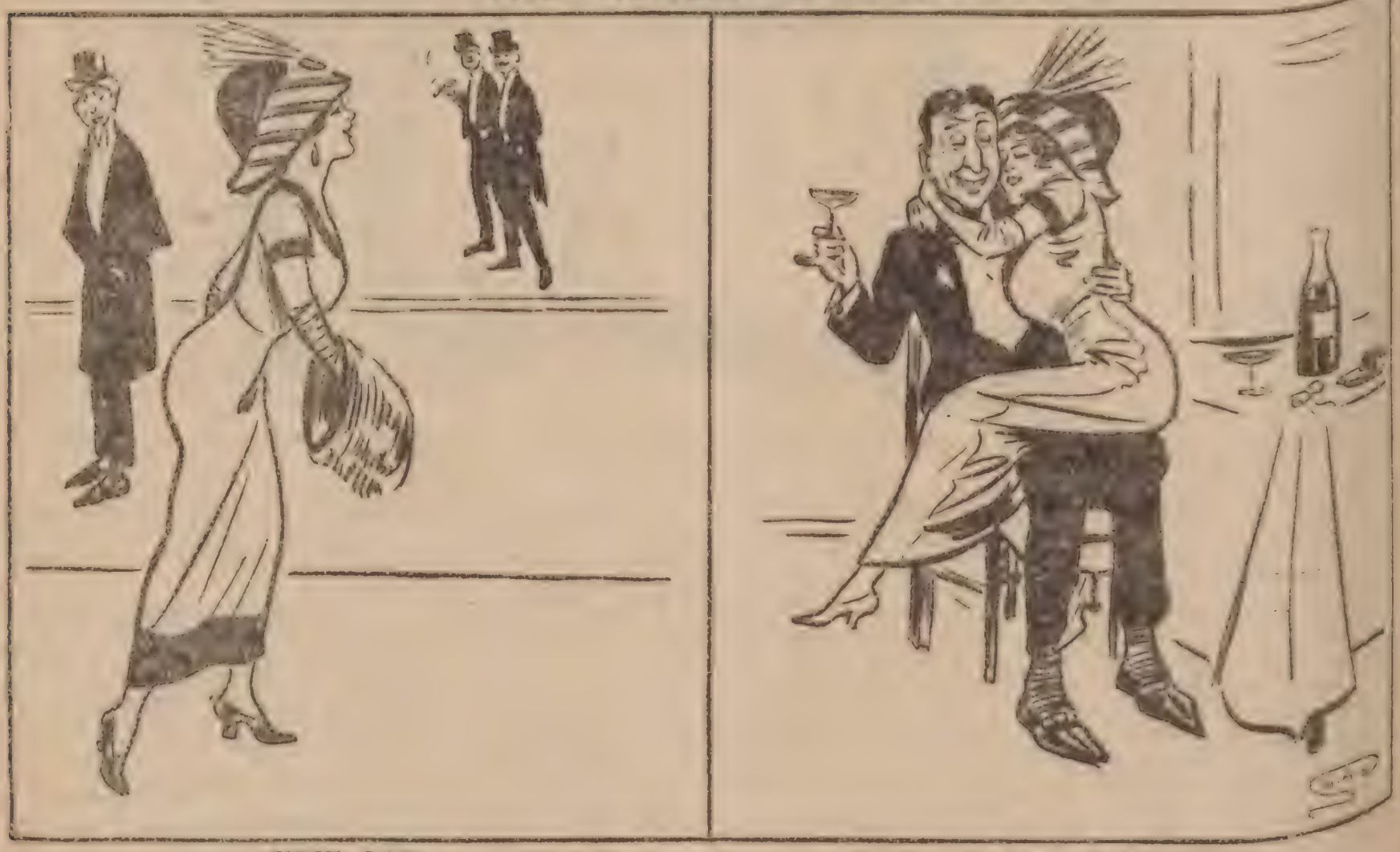
Hostess's Precaution.

Then a hostess will often think twice before inviting several sisters for whom she must find partners, unless she has reasonable hope of a brother accompanying them to dance with the sisters of other men. A girl with a charming brother is always more welcome; just the same as a man with a pretty sister is always in request.

Backed up by her brother, the girl who loves sport has a better chance of going in for everything. She can join clubs and practise tennis, yachting, cycling with him and their mutual friends in a much more enjoyable way than left to her own devices.

No girl likes to be snubbed, not even a sister, but she is usually quite willing to be a slave to her brother in home life, provided he will treat her in front of his friends with the same ceremony as he would treat any other lady.

THE HUNGER MARCH.



FIRST LAP. LAST LAP.

YELLOW BRITAIN.

Striking Figures from the Colonies.

Five out of six white Britons live in the British Isles. In our colonies less than one in twenty is white-skinned. The entire white population of the whole of our South African Colonies from Cape Town to the Zambesi is barely 1,000,000. And this includes the Dutch. Nearly half a million of these white people are to be found in Cape Colony. Yet even in that old colony the negroes enormously outnumber the whites. There are 1,500,000 blacks in Cape Colony.

Unable to Compete with Coolies.

In the other South African Colonies the disproportion is even greater. The Transvaal has a quarter of a million whites, over 600,000 blacks; Natal has 70,000 whites and 600,000 Kaffirs, who reside in thirty-seven native locations and are divided into eighty-five different tribes. These tribes know their strength, and if they rose together the results would be simply appalling.

But Natal has a worse danger than its Zulu population. Immigrants from British India have been pouring into the Colony for many years past, and to-day actually outnumber the whites. There are eighty thousand of them, and they monopolise a very large number of businesses which were formerly in the hands of whites.

The whites are absolutely unable to compete with the coolies, for the latter, being largely vegetarians, and coming of a race which has for centuries been accustomed to live on the edge of starvation, can work and live well on wages upon which an English colonist would simply starve.

The same sort of thing is going on in almost every British Colony. Not only coolies, but Chinese and Japanese and Malays are pouring in ever-increasing torrents from the huge human reservoirs of the East into our British possessions.

Treatment Under British Law.

Of course this is very complimentary to us. These people have learnt that they will get fairer treatment under British law than under German or French, or in the colonies of any other country. But consider what it means to the British emigrant or the native-born white colonist!

One wonders what would happen if a million Chinese or Japanese were landed on our shores—steady, hard-working fellows, ready to work in any capacity at a penny or two-pence an hour.

Yet if the Chinese once learnt what good wages they could get here they would come fast enough. Look at Singapore. When our flag was first hoisted there Chinese were unknown except as sailors in passing junks. To-day the population of the Straits Settlements is 10,500 Europeans and Eurasian, 14,000 Eurasians or half-castes, 215,000 Malays, 60,000 Indians, and very nearly 300,000 Chinese! And here is a significant fact. The Chinese are not only the most numerous but by far the most wealthy part of the population. You see stout old pig-tailed gentlemen with faces like yellow parchment lolling in their carriages behind splendid Walers (Australian horses), driven by liveried servants.

Peculiar Dodge.

British Columbia tried to stop the Chinese from coming in by a rather peculiar dodge. A law was introduced to prevent any man with long hair from working in the mines. As a Chinaman would rather part with his leg or his arm than his pigtail the scheme was partially successful. Still, this enactment has nothing to do with the Japanese, who are pouring in by the thousand and working on farms for what the wages white men will take. And the worst of it is that we cannot well prevent the immigration of subjects of an allied and friendly country.

Conflicts between white and coloured races are bound to increase in the near future. The yellow man is spreading all over the earth. Next to British Columbia the worst trouble will be in Northern Australia. In Queensland already one out of every four inhabitants is a coloured alien. There are thousands of Japanese in the Colony, and a great statesman once said: "If ever we have a row with Japan the first territory Japan will seize is Northern Australia."

Coveted North Queensland.

If they did it is difficult to see how we could stop them. It has long been known that Japan ardently covets North Queensland, for this is one of the finest natural cotton growing countries on earth, and if Japan owned it Lancashire would very soon be at starving point.

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a *Good* Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper "A.G."

The Brand "A.G." is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a *Cool* and *More Lasting* smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

WHAT A DELIGHTED READER SAYS:

Herne Bay, Kent.

Dear Sirs:

Received your gift of Fountain Pen by first post to-day. Considering the number you must send out I think it was attended to in excellent time. I am very pleased with it in every way and think it is equal to a 15/- Swan now in my possession. Wishing you every success

Yours truly, F.H.

"MODERN MAN"

Half-Guinea Fountain Pen

with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

1/-

and 12 Pen Coupons.

(One of these coupons appears on page 1474.)

DESCRIPTION OF OUR PEN.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, fine, medium or broad.

¶ The ink is supplied by a special non-leaking feed.

¶ The body of the pen is of the finest black vulcanite, handsomely chased.

¶ It is packed in a special box, with glass filler and full directions:

POCKET CLIP TO FIX THE PEN SECURELY IN THE VEST POCKET PRESENTED ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 1474 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s., to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

HELL UPON EARTH IN UTAH.

"THERE IS NO CRIME MORMONS HAVE NOT BEEN GUILTY OF."

You will remember that I was on the inner side of the Veil, up to which I was now led at a part where two holes had been pierced. Here—"Peter" standing at my side to coach me—I called for my bride number one: already more than my "bride," being she whom I had made my wife in England.

The other was the Utah woman whom she had urged me to take—urged me for the sake of her own salvation as well as mine. As for herself, our marriage years before in accordance with English law was of no avail in Mormon law, and she must marry me again.

Kissed Through the Veil.

At my call she was led close up to where I stood on the other side of the screen, "Eve" conducting and instructing her. She put her arms through the holes, our knees on either side were peculiarly placed, and our feet adjusted. Then each was told to embrace the other. Instructed to give me her name, she uttered first the Christian name so familiar to me, but "give him your new name, and kiss him through the veil," I heard Eve say. This done, she repeated after Eve a most disgusting formula or oath. You can hear it if you like, but decency forbids its publication . . . The highest Melchizedek grip was again given, and we released our hold of each other. A "priestess" or "prophetess" then took the bride to the entrance through which I had been admitted into the inner sanctity of the apartment, and she too entered "through the veil."

After the same preliminaries, bride number two joined us, and particulars of the usual Registrar's Office kind, as regarded all three of us, were entered in a large book, and having been handed a copy of the entry I was directed to proceed with my women into the Sealing Room.

Here at the marriage altar sat a priest, to whom I presented the slip of paper. Directing me to stand before him with one bride, he married me "all over again" to my own wife.

Then he asked her, indicating the waiting "second," "are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband." This she willingly did, and was then told to take my left arm, as in walking.

Think of it! Having just united me for ever to the woman clinging to me on my left, the celebrant proceeded to unite me for ever to the woman holding on to me on my right!

The Actual Pledges.

Here are the actual pledges in turn administered to, and responded to by me and them, with the "sealing" declaration that followed. You will understand that I am not repeating entirely from memory:—

"Do you, Brother Jarman, take Sister ——— by the right hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a covenant and promise, on your part, that you will fulfil all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God and angels, of your own free will and choice?"

"Do you, Sister ———, take Brother Jarman by the right hand, and give yourself to him, to be his lawful and wedded wife for time and for all eternity . . . ," etc.

In the blasphemy of its jargon, the concluding pronouncement, coming after all the riot and orgy of filth that had been going on for hours within the walls of the Endowment House, shows that very much as the Devil knows how to quote Scripture, Mormonism knows how to quote Christian terminology, as well as how to trade on Christian theology.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity; and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality, and enternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and I say unto you, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

No Certificate Necessary.

I witnessed the entry of the final particulars in the big book, but on asking for a certificate was informed that nothing of the kind was necessary. A Mormon wife never had any "marriage lines" to show in Utah. If occasion should require, the Mormon officials, to shield their polygamous brethren, would positively swear that they did not perform a marriage service, while the big book could never be found, being safely hidden.

Having been cautioned not to remove the "holy" "wedding garment" I had donned in the morning, I put on my ordinary attire over it, and left the Endowment House with my two wives. I have one reason, and certainly only one, to rejoice and be thankful that I ever entered it—although, in a formal sense, my experiences in it completed my "conversion" to Mormonism, and cemented my connection with it, I was, at the same time, conscious of the fact that they had disturbed the groundwork of my belief.

Subsequently, the weakening went on, until at length the foundations, thank God, were all broken up, and the superstructure toppled over.

Emissaries of the Devil.

Long before that happened, for studying Mormonism in all its phases I had opportunities and facilities comparable with those of a prisoner for familiarising himself with the conformation of his cell. He is inside the subject of his scrutiny—so was I.

In all its aspects, in its every development, the real Mormonism, true Mormonism, is the kingdom of Hell upon earth. For the furtherance of the interests of that kingdom, Mormon missionaries in England and Europe are emissaries of the Devil.

Polygamy rots and putrefies the individual life, among both men and women—and polygamy is rampant in Utah to-day. Against recent denials I could produce a modern list of plural marriages.

As the individual, so the community. The report of General Clarke to Governor Boggs, to be found among the Senate documents (U.S.A.), states of the Mormons of Utah: "There is no crime, from treason down to petty larceny, but these people have been guilty of. They have committed treason, murder, arson, burglary, robbery, larceny, and perjury. They have societies formed under the most binding covenants and most horrid oaths to circumvent the laws, and put them at defiance; and to plunder and burn and murder, and divide the spoils for the use of the Church."

Saved by an Accident.

In my own case, escape from Salt Lake came only just in time. So nearly wrecked and ruined was I in soul, mind, body and estate, that twice I resorted—armed—to a chosen spot, to take my own life. On each occasion I was saved by what men call an accident.

While there is breath in my lungs I will raise my voice against Mormonism—to reveal and to warn. That voice is raised in the present emergency, old as it is getting now.

"Your voice may be getting old, Mr. Jarman, but it certainly is not getting feeble, literally or metaphorically," said, as we shook in farewell the still sturdy hand of the "Mormon's Terror."

Free Advice on any business subject.

Remarkable opportunity for readers of "Modern Man."—The "Business Encyclopædia" Information Bureau, to provide free advice or information on any business, legal or commercial subject.

WE are glad to be able to offer to readers of "Modern Man" a remarkable opportunity whereby they can obtain, free of charge, advice or information on any business, legal or commercial difficulty.

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Discharge of Employees;
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Advice on these and any other subject in the business world is at the service of our readers. Suppose, for instance some reader or his employer is owed a debt under peculiar conditions that prevent him recovering it in the usual way; he will now be able to find out how to set about it with the minimum of expense. If a reader wants to advertise in a distinctive manner he can obtain suggestions for a complete advertising campaign designed specially to suit his own particular business by famous advertising experts, and so on with any and every line of business work.

These are only a few of many similar enquiries, but it is obvious that the answer to any one enquiry may easily mean the saving of several pounds, and for that reason the present opportunity is one that no reader should miss.

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Arrangements have been made for the services of the Bureau to be given free of charge to all readers of this paper who subscribe to the "Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser" during the next few months. When it is stated that the first payment of 1s. 6d. secures not only the delivery of the seven volumes of the "Business Encyclopædia," but also the full right to the services of the Bureau, it will be seen that no time should be lost in sending in the coupon below for full particulars of this remarkable offer.

The offer is liable to withdrawal without notice. But for the present all orders for the "Business Encyclopædia" will carry the right of the Bureau. It is obvious that this one advantage of the "Business Encyclopædia" can easily be quite invaluable.

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Over 60,000 firms and business men already have the work in constant use, and as the free use of the Information Bureau is only available for a limited time, it is essential that every reader should send this coupon without delay. It merely asks for particulars, it costs nothing, and it involves no obligation to purchase the work.

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This coupon must be sent without delay to—

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52, Surrey Street,
London, W.C.

Please send me free of charge and without obligation on my part your book on the "Business Encyclopædia" and particulars of your special offer to readers of "Modern Man" of the services of the "Business Encyclopædia" Information Bureau.

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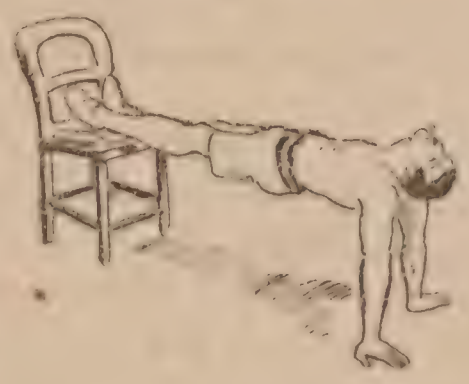
BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Abdominal and Arm Muscles.



Complying with a request of a correspondent, this week I give an exercise for the abdominal and arm muscles.

Sit upon the ground and place a chair in such a position that you can just get your heels on the seat while still sitting on the ground. Then plant the hands on the ground well behind you, with the wrists to the front.

Now straighten the body by means of the abdominal and upper-arm muscles throwing the head back, and keeping the body and legs absolutely rigid. Pause here for a few moments, and then sink to the starting position, lowering the body as gradually as possible, and not letting yourself down with a bump.

As you approach the horizontal, the strain on the biceps and triceps will be considerable, and as a developer for these muscles this exercise is almost unequalled.

Diet for the Corpulent.

Careful dieting, combined with moderate exercise, is the surest and safest way of reducing fat; drugs as a rule being worse than useless.

Here is the advice of the late Mr. William Banting, whose "Letter on Corpulence" made him famous.

Breakfast.—Four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon, any kind of cold meat except pork, a large cup (or two) of tea without milk or sugar, a little biscuit or dry toast.

Dinner.—Five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetables except potatoes, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of claret or sherry. Port, champagne, and beer barred.

Tea.—Two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup or two of tea, without milk or sugar.

Supper.—Three or four ounces of meat or fish, as at dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

Mr. Banting further permits a "nightcap" of whisky, gin, or brandy, or a glass or two of sherry.

Incidentally, I am convinced that we do not drink enough sherry. Of course the stuff sold in public bars is usually vile, but a good, sound light sherry is to be obtained at a moderate price, and is an excellent appetiser and digestive.

When I recommend sherry I do not extend my blessing to sherry and bitters, or any other kind of bitters before a meal. There is no surer way of ruining your stomach and digestion than by habitually indulging in sherry and bitters, gin and bitters, etc.

A glass of sherry if you like just before or on sitting down to dinner, but bitters play the mischief with your interior.

I have never had occasion to diet myself for fat, but if any readers thus afflicted care to try Mr. Banting's prescription I should be interested to hear how they fare.

Rum as a Beverage.

A correspondent, D.K.S. (Halifax), asks my opinion of rum as a beverage for athletes in winter.

While not a teetotaller I think the less an athlete has to do with spirits the better, except for purely medicinal purposes, as, for example, restoring an exhausted man.

On the other hand, *pure* rum is the least harmful of spirits. The trouble, however, is that it is difficult to get pure rum in this country. It is usually "doctored" with inferior brandy, which is bad for anyone.

Pure rum well diluted with water is a wholesomer beverage than brandy, whisky or gin, or it may be taken in milk.

Rum is certainly a food, owing to the sugar it contains; while, taken hot with a little lemon when you go to bed and are *in* bed, it will often check an incipient chill or cold.

On the other hand, rum, owing to its sugar, is apt to be bilious, and therefore you should always take a piece of lemon with it, even when drinking it cold.

Good rum in moderation is a wholesome drink, more especially in winter, but unfortunately 90 per cent. of the rum sold in this country is adulterated, and Muck.

Answers to Correspondents.

S.L. (Oldham).—Suffers from loose teeth, though he has no recollection of ever having had them injured by a blow. This points to constitutional weakness, calling for medical as well as dental treatment. He should consult both his doctor and his dentist.

C.D.H. (Manchester).—I have not the latest figures, but on an average 15,000 would-be Army recruits are annually rejected as physically unfit, chiefly for "under chest measurement" and "bad teeth."

T. O'F. (Hull).—The main dodge in throwing the ball at lacrosse is to let it run down into the bottom corner of the net, and then, by a quick sweeping movement to make it run up the net, and alongside the wood, so that it leaves the net at, or nearly at, the top. An expert can easily throw 150 yards.

M.S. (West Croydon).—I haven't space to give a complete table showing time taken to digest various foods, but the most quickly digested foods are as follows:—

Fish.—White fish (haddock, sole, whiting).—One hour.

Meat.—Tripe, sweetbreads. Each one hour.

General.—Boiled rice. One hour.

The most indigestible meats are: Salt beef (four hours and a half) and roast pork (five hours). It must be remembered, however, that very quickly digested foods are not always nutritious.

M.J.S. (Lincoln).—Suffers much from "cold in the head." He might try a nasal douche of hot water and borax. The douche and borax can be procured from any chemist.

To half a tumbler of hot water add a teaspoonful of borax powder. Fill the douche, tilt the head back, and let a stream of the fluid pass up the nostrils alternately.

(MISS) G.E.H. (Liverpool).—I believe that in the "perfect woman" the length of the head measured from top of forehead to end of chin should be between one-seventh and one-ninth of the whole body height.

According to another authority the lengths of head, hand, chest bones, and foot measured from ankle to tip of the big toe should all be equal to one another.

SCALP (Canterbury).—For your brittle hair and exceptionally dry scalp try the following pomade:—

Pilocarp hydrochlor., 2 grains; Tinct. of Jaborandi, ½ oz.; Lanoline, 1¼ oz.; Cocoanut Oil, 1½ oz.

REG. (Torquay).—We have every confidence in the results obtained from the St. Settef course of Will-Culture.

F.L.W. (East Ham).—Your measurements are excellent, but you have omitted to state your weight, rather an important matter. I don't think you need any special exercises. Just keep on with what you have been doing, bearing in mind that the object of physical culture is *natural* and *all-round* development. Therefore vary your exercises as much as possible, and don't try to work up abnormal muscles anywhere.

"ROB ROY" (Dumfries).—As you are under medical treatment I do not like to interfere, and in any case not being a quack, I cannot diagnose your skin trouble through the post. It may be due to one of many skin diseases. I can only advise you to take plenty of outdoor exercise, eat sparingly of meat, freely of fresh fruit and vegetables—among the latter particularly carrots, onions, spinach. By the way, do you eat many eggs? With some people eggs will cause, or certainly predispose to skin diseases, more especially Acne, commonly called "blackheads."

YOUR EDITOR RECOMMENDS

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" in his "Correspondent's Bureau" last week as follows:—"A.G. (Blackpool).—A good Will-Culture Course is that of The St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

Develop **your** Will-Power and Personality by this ingenious, yet simple system. Only a few minutes daily required. The exercises are easily carried out, **contain no crankiness** and require no apparatus. **This is a practical system for the needs of practical men.** There are four absorbingly interesting lessons, and the fee is only **2/6** (abroad 6d. extra). **This is your total expenditure.** The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you possessed of stronger Will-Power and Personality.

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HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height), Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

ON THE ROAD.

Cycle News and Bargains.

Our Free Exchange Bureau, established for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, continues to be widely appreciated, and the only stipulation which is made in connection with it is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

Short Measure of Petrol.

Riders, who carefully check their petrol consumption, may sometimes have thought that it was too high, and thereupon cast unworthy suspicion upon the carburettor and engine, when the fault very often lies in quite another direction, i.e., short measure in the can.

This may be caused by carelessness in the refilling, or more often by supplying leaky cans.

Most car owners use the bottom rim of a petrol can for opening a fresh one, which answers the purpose admirably, but is not good for the can, very often puncturing it.

When the can is refilled the stopper is fixed so tightly that the consequent air lock prevents the leak from immediately becoming apparent until the can is opened, and even then it is not discernible at once.

As neither the retailer nor the petrol company will admit any responsibility after the can is opened, the only remedy is to always insist on being supplied with a can in good condition, and to open it in the presence of the vendor, calling his attention to any shortage and refusing the can. With petrol at its present price one at least expects to be guaranteed proper measure.

Second-hand Machine Frauds.

A fact that we have impressed before on our readers is that when buying a second-hand machine, they should only buy when the machine offered for sale is of a well-known and reputable make.

A case which shows how the public are gulled was heard at Guildford Quarter Sessions. A man and a woman were charged with obtaining money under false pretences. They inserted in the local papers advertisements to the effect that they had a lady's and a gentleman's high-grade bicycle for sale. The machines were said to be 1912 models and to have originally cost £12 12s. each, and it was stated that they were to be sacrificed for £3 10s. each, as the owner, a captain, was ordered abroad. The machines proved to have cost, wholesale, £1 17s. 6d. apiece. The prisoners, who were said to have sold over a thousand of these machines, were convicted, and the man was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Puch, two 3½-h.p., and two 2-h.p., quite new, magnificent motor bicycles. Made by the old-established Puch Co. The usual cash price of these machines is £48 and £36 respectively, but will accept specially low price for immediate sale. Rare opportunity.—Write or call Ladbroke Road Motor Works, 91, Ladbroke Road, London, W.

Minerva, 2-h.p., M.O.V., new tyres, £10.—Motor Box, 63, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bat, J.A.P., 8-h.p., Whittle belt, £47.—Motor Box 64, "Modern Man" (as above).

CYCLES.

B.S.A. gent's, coaster-hub, good tyres, splendid condition, £3 10s.—C.W., 391, Hanover Buildings, Tooley Street, S.E.

All-Black Sunbeam, gent's, in first rate condition, £8. Cycle Box 29, "Modern Man" (as above).

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

Name and Address _____

Read this

Letter to YOU

"I have no hesitation in saying that, had it not been for the schools I should not have obtained my present berth. I now have better prospects, better hours and an increased salary."

GEORGE F. HOOD, Middlesbrough.

Such a letter shows you why more students enrol with the International Correspondence Schools on the advice of present students than from all other sources combined.

The I.C.S. can help you to secure *better prospects* than you can possibly enjoy without special training. *Better hours* than you have now, and *better pay*.

The I.C.S. offer you a chance to succeed if you really *mean* to get on.

Let us refer you to successful students in *your* own district. If you send this coupon *NOW*, you will not run any risk of putting off the Better-Pay day.

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TO READERS OF

Bowerman's October Dressmaker

Grand Autumn Number.

You should secure a copy at once from your newsagent: price 2d., or direct from the Publisher, for 3 penny stamps.

All these Patterns FREE.

BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER, Farringdon House,
FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The markets are steadily recovering, as I prophesied last week, from the absolute collapse that occurred through selling from France and Germany.

* * *

I confidently look forward to a steady, all round improvement in prices, and as a matter of fact almost anything is worth purchasing at present quotations.

* * *

If you have spare money to invest do not be afraid to purchase, as you are bound to come home with a good profit.

* * *

Stocks and shares that I have continually advised have stood the test of the severe shake-out remarkably well, especially is this the case with Rhodesian Central Mining, Exploring Land and Mineral, Casey Cobalt, Dolok Rubber, and District Railways.

* * *

The most prominent among these is Rhodesian Central Mining, in which case the shares are hardening, as the present quotation is about 11s. 6d. Good news has been received from the mine, the latest report of which I quote below:—

Manager reports by mail, dated September 5th and 12th: "No. 1 Main Shaft sunk further 10 feet. Lode in shaft widening; values maintained; rich leader in No. 3 Block discloses values averaging 30 dwts. per ton; continued driving west on the reef; values from samples taken on Block C average 11 dwts. over 39 inches."

And by cable on October 10th:—

"Lode in face No. 1 level well defined; stoping width 2ft. 5in., shows visible gold freely."

* * *

Now that we have got such excellent definite news from the manager of the Rhodesian Central Mining, I once more strongly urge my readers to be quick to get in.

* * *

All things Rhodesian will be improving now and one of the most prominent will be this company that I particularly favour.

* * *

I therefore strongly recommend a purchase of these shares now, and if you like to send your instructions direct to me I will arrange with a stockbroker to secure you some of these shares at the best price obtainable.

* * *

In the Railway Market Districts, Great Central Preferred, South Eastern Deferred, Little Chats, or Great Northern Deferred, are all very good for a two or three point rise is secured at once.

* * *

In the Oil market Shell Transports are a market tip at £5, and Spies Petroleum are dirt cheap at about 22s.

* * *

The recent case against Lloyd, Smith and Drucker, Ltd., is only one more instance that justifies my continually advising readers to have nothing whatever to do with bucket shops.

* * *

If you want to deal in stocks and shares do so through a reliable member of the Stock Echange, and I shall always be pleased to send the name of one to any of my readers wishing to deal.

* * *

The report of the Grand Trunk Railway just issued is very satisfactory, and Grand Trunk Third Preference Stock is well worth buying at about 52. A sharp rise is certain.

* * *

I have received some very satisfactory particulars of the Dolok Rubber Estates, and as these shares are still under par I can safely recommend them to readers. The present price is about 3s. 9d.

* * *

A report to hand of the Kamuning Rubber Co. shows profits for the year of £31,836 17s. 6d., and the Directors recommend a dividend of 17½ per cent. for the year. The estimated output of rubber for the year ending June 30th, 1913, is 315,000lbs. against the output of 220,000lbs. for the year ending last June.

* * *

On this showing Kamuning Rubber is a fair investment.

The Yam Seng Rubber Co. is another concern that I believe in, as the output of rubber is steadily on the increase and is likely to more than exceed the estimate for the year of 100,000lbs.

* * *

The acreage planted is 1,313 acres, and an interim dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum was declared for the half-year ending April, 1912.

* * *

Yam Seng 2s. shares stand at the moment at about 5s. 6d. so that the yield here is slightly over 9 per cent., but bigger dividends can be confidently looked forward to.

* * *

Two or three other really good little companies in the Rubber Market, all doing well, are the Bikam Rubber Estate, the Sengat Rubber Estate, Ltd., and Straits Settlements Bertam Rubber Co.

* * *

Shares in all these concerns are well worth picking up.

* * *

What I predicted about Anglo-Continental has come to pass, this gambling leader has had another smack in the eye, with the result that the shares have dropped back to about 15s.

* * *

I can only hope that readers took my advice and left them severely alone.

* * *

The tin market, that hitherto kept together remarkably well, had rather a nasty shake out last week, and although Rayfield shares were severely attacked by the bears they quickly righted themselves and are well worth holding at about 19s. 9d.

* * *

Among Industrials, National Steam Car are again on the improve; Associated Cements, which had a sharp set back, might be worth readers' attention at about 6¾.

* * *

I cannot recommend dealings in any of the Marconi issues at present, as the price is still too high.

* * *

Amalgamated Press Ordinary at 6¾ are very cheap, as they are full of dividend. The year ends October 31st, and although this Company usually pays a 40 per cent. dividend, readers can either look for an increase in the dividend, or a substantial bonus.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

H. J. T., Bristol.—I have nothing to add to my previous remarks, except the concern is very speculative.

Home, Belfast.—Your idea is an excellent one. You should write for full particulars to M. Gregory, The City Life Assurance, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

L. W. W., Camberwell.—Very little is known here about the Peruvian Pacific Railway. Will write you fully.

Financial, Cheshire.—City of North Vancouver 4½ per cent. Loan is a very fair security. Will write you about 4 per cent. investments.

Jones, Hertford.—Do not sell any of your shares as prices will improve.

S. C., Willesden.—Brazilian Traction Co., is under the control of the Sir William McKenzie group. The stock is worth purchasing at present price for the special settlement in November. Districts are good; buy as many as you like.

Brown, Manchester.—I have received your order for 100 Rhodesian Central Mining, which is being attended to.

F. L., Leeds.—Thanks for list of shares. I think that all the securities are safe and will pay you dividends for many years.

E. P., Manchester.—I hear good news about Electric Lighting shares. The present yield is good, and the shares are likely to appreciate within the next year or two.

J. L. A., Tunbridge Wells.—Metropolitan Districts 3½ per cent. Prefs. are sound, and the Ordinary are good for a rise, as the line is making immense progress.

Anxious.—Rubber shares are well worth buying now, especially those mentioned in my notes. Do not sell your Shells; rather purchase more at the lower level, as the price will go better. Shells is one of the strongest oil companies in the world, and its position is very good, its Loans, Cash, and Investments stand at £1,847,000.

G. R., Liverpool. The Burma Oil Company is a sound and well-conducted oil enterprise, and I strongly advise you to hold your shares.

P. M., Glasgow.—I have no belief in Fanti Mines, and the Surprise Mine, to my thinking, is a rotten gamble.

H. E., Blackpool.—Weldons, Ltd., is a good industrial investment. They have a lot of competition to meet in these days.

H. H., Brighton.—The Amalgamated Press is the strongest publishing business in the world; they pay 40 per cent. dividend, and are likely to pay more for the year ending October 30th.

S. J., Weymouth.—By all means buy Spies Petroleum. The company is excellently managed, and the shares are cheap at present prices.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU

Brief Replies to Various Questions.

"COCHIN" (Cork).—Think your best plan would be to write to Secretary, Chinese Legation, Portland Place, London, W. Apart from Customs you might be able to get a job as instructor with Chinese Army.

T.E.R. (Pontypool).—Do not know the firm you mention. The Simplex Manufacturing Co.'s address is 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W., and they manufacture trouser-presses.

D.E. (Bristol).—An invader can compel civilians to act as guides, drivers, etc., but he cannot force them to fight against their own side. A civilian, not belonging to any recognised military force, is liable to be shot without trial if caught bearing arms against the invader.

J.S.C. (Lancaster).—The polygamy of the Turk is largely exaggerated. The peasant can rarely afford more than one wife, and many of the upper classes are monogamists from choice. Compared with the average Armenian or Macedonian Christian, the Turk is a "white man" and a gentleman.

R.R. (Llandilo).—Cannot say, but you can obtain the same thing at the same price from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London.

"ROB" (Selkirk).—An Admiral of the Fleet receives £1,825 per annum, a full general in the Army gets £8 a day, or roughly, £3,000 a year. In the lower ranks the pay of naval and military officers is much the same, but the former have far fewer expenses.

A.H. (Londonderry).—The Royal Scots Fusiliers are known as the "Earl of Mar's Grey Breeks," from the colour of the men's breeches when the regiment was first raised in 1678. They wear blue facings because they are a "Royal" regiment. Next, please!

H.F. (Colchester).—Yes. The firm you are enquiring about is Curzon Bros., of 60 and 62, City Road, E.C.

"BERTIE" (Shepherd's Bush).—A footballer can appeal to the management committee of his league on a question of transfer fee on "summary dismissal" without lodging a deposit. If he appeals against the decision of the management committee a deposit is usually required, but may be waived.

L.J.L. (Cardiff).—In dancing your arm should not go right round the lady's waist. Place your right hand, fingers closed against the small of her back, or just a little further round. The left arm should be bent and both elbows kept away from the body.

D. McC. (Margate).—The correct odds against "spotting" a single number at roulette are 36 to 1, the "bank" lays only 35 to 1, which gives it roughly, an advantage of 3 per cent. Certainly you may back zero to win.

S.M. (Manchester).—An expert cinematograph operator can make about £3 a week, exclusive of expenses. Write to Valentia Steer, Esq., Pathé Freres, Ltd., Charing Cross Road, W.C.

S.H.S. (Swansea).—Quite all right.

M.G. (Orpington).—See advertisements in daily papers.

"EALENGITE."—You might try having the pocket lined with wash-leather, or carrying the keys in a leather bag.

P.G. (Hamilton, N.B.)—Mr. Ambrose Wilson's address is 19, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

A.W.W. (Finsbury Park).—Consult Army List at nearest Free Library for headquarters of Territorial Regiments in or near London.

"VICTOR" (Brixton).—See answer to P.G. (Hamilton, N.B.)

"WALTER" (Linlithgow).—Five to twenty guineas entrance fee, five to ten guineas annual subscriptions, are the usual terms for a golf club in or near the metropolis. Rather different in your part of the world isn't it?

J.A. (Chester).—The Adjutant of a Line regiment receives 5s. a day extra pay if a lieutenant, 5s. 3d. if a captain. He is a mounted officer.

R.L. (Deal).—The "Springbok" is a species of South African deer.

SHARP, F. G. (Bp. Auckland.)—(1) No. (2) Sloan-Duployan Shorthand is taught by Mr. Harvey Hatchard, Holborn Hall College, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

G.G.F. (Nottingham.)—By the customs of civilised warfare you may cut off an enemy's water supply, but you must not poison it.

W H T. (or L.)—Depends on what sort of a draughtsman, naval, military, engineering, you wish to be. Advise you to write to Secretary, Society of Engineers, Victoria Street, S.W.

SUCCESS IN THE AIR.

At the London Aerodrome, Hendon, Student J. H. James, of Swansea, has won the £100 prize which the International Correspondence Schools offered to the first graduate of their aviation course of instruction who flew a mile over British Territory.

The tests were made under the auspices of the Royal Aero Club, with whom the prize had been deposited. Later in the afternoon Student James passed the difficult tests necessary to secure his pilot's certificate.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I have exclusive information that Lord Howard de Walden, President of the Old Playgoers' Club for the ensuing season, is preparing another opera to be produced in the near or far future; venue not decided. His is the literary personality hidden under the nom-de-plume of "T. E. Ellis," author of "The Children of Don," produced by the more or less late lamented transpontine impresario Hammerstein, who has recently failed to bring Covent Garden to it's knees as faithfully promised, and who will *not* get £20,000 damages from Miss Felice Lyne.

* * *

Mr. Lionel Wallace, who is the new power for Sir Joseph Beecham at the Aldwych, is this Christmas reviving, for matinees only, "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales." Why for matinees only?

As produced last year this résumé of our best-loved fairy tales was the cleanest and freshest of the many dainty productions of its period.

* * *

Those of you who find it outside the limitations of imaginations to understand by the word "Pantomime" anything more than a sort of disjointed entertainment for the very young, must be prepared for a rude shock this year at "Old Drury!"

Miss Florence Smithson and Dan Rolyat (both still on tour with the Arcadians) are going to help things along, while Mr. G. R. Sims is for the second time writing the libretto to be entitled, I believe, "The Sleeping Beauty"!

W. C. R.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Fraught with sensational happenings almost from the day the weights appeared, it was only in the natural order of things that the Cesarewitch should result in the victory of a totally unexpected outsider, and so once again let backers down pretty badly.

At one time previous to the race, it seemed within the realms of possibility that the winner of the race held some sort of a chance, but after his failure at Windsor, where he was well whacked by Irish Marine, his chance diminished to a great extent, and at last seemed very remote. How he improved out of all recognition and won the race, beating what on the "book" were altogether better animals, is now a matter of history, but is not quite easy to understand.

Still, these things happen, and will, I suppose, continue to do so, so long as racing exists. We have now to look forward to the next big race—the Cambridgeshire, which presents a more difficult problem than the one just recently decided, that is, on the "book."

Three of the competitors that can go to the post for this race met at Headquarters last Wednesday, when Long Set, conceding 11 lb. to Whisk Broom, and 16 lbs. to The Story, finished in front of both of them. As they are handicapped, Batho's horse should have no difficulty in confirming the placings when next they meet; in fact, he must have a great chance of repeating last year's victory, in spite of the big weight he has to concede to some smart ones lower in the handicap.

The running of Mushroom in the Cesarewitch does not point favourably to his chance here, but it it must not be forgotten that, as I have always maintained, he is not a stayer, and will be much better suited by the nine furlongs to be traversed at the next meeting. Mr. Gant must be possessed of more than an average amount of pluck to have backed Mustapha so long before the race as he has done, for, genuine animal that he undoubtedly is, I am afraid he has seen his best day. One must make some sort of allowance for deterioration when a horse begins to age. In some quarters Polkerris is spoken of as a good thing for the race, but whilst admitting that she is undoubtedly a useful filly, I do not think she is actually thrown in.

There are others of her age that come into the reckoning, prominent amongst these being Lance Chest and Jingling Geordie. Efforts have been made to minimise the victory of the former over Prince Palatine, and the race has been described as a fluke. I am not so sure that this was the case, and am rather inclined to think that Gilpin's horse won on his merits that day.

Certainly he was in receipt of a lot of weight, but he was entitled to it. The recent victory of Jingling Geordie over Tuxedo, and the subsequent running of the latter, shows the Beckhampton colt up in a favourable light, and if Wheatley can get him to do his best, he will be a dangerous candidate. Another three-year-old that cannot possibly be left out is Maiden Erlegh, possibly the best of his age in training. If not quite that, he is one of the most consistent, and one of the more than likely ones. Some doubt exists as to the ability of either of Fallon's pair, Grammont and Wether's Well, to get the distance, but in my opinion the latter will do it all right, and the running of Cigar (whom she beat easily at Epsom) with Stedfast at level weights, speaks volumes in her favour. I do not want it to be taken as a definite selection, but at present I cannot help thinking that whatever beats

LONG SET

will have something to do, and of the younger animals Lance Chest may prove the best.

Selections :—

LEICESTER, MONDAY.

October Auction Nursery Handicap: Court Cards.
Atherstone Plate: St. Crispin.

GATWICK, THURSDAY.

Gatwick Stakes: Tidal Wave.
Crawter Nursery Handicap: Eastwick.

WEDNESDAY.

Surrey Plate: Fraise.
Charlwood Handicap: Ask Papa.

SANDOWN PARK, THURSDAY.

Temple Handicap: Bangalore.
Orleans Nursery Handicap: Fly By Night.

FRIDAY.

Wheatsheaf Handicap: Grey Barbarian.
Trafalgar Selling Nursery: Homer.

STOCKTON, SATURDAY.

Stockton Autumn Handicap: West.
Blytheholme Nursery Handicap: Artichoke.

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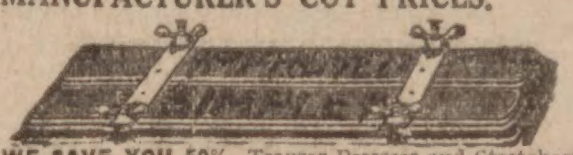

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TURN UP OR NOT?

"Trousers" (Stoke) asks whether trousers should be turned up or not?

So far as trousers for wear with frock or morning dress are concerned, the turn up is decidedly out of fashion.

Probably too, more lounge suit trousers are being cut without the turn up than with it. Still, many well-dressed men have their lounge suit trousers turned up, and it is a point on which the individual can please himself.

Remember, however, to make up your mind before ordering your suit. If you are going to have turn ups then the trousers must be specially cut to turn up if they are to look well.

FINGER RING QUESTION

A.J.R. (Nottingham) having backed a winner—(naughty boy!)—thinks of investing in a finger ring, and asks my advice on the matter. He intimates that he is prepared to spend between two and three pounds.

In my opinion he cannot do better than a plain 18ct. gold signet ring, with an oval or more or less square "face" on which his crest or monogram can be engraved.

A stone seal ring is also a very correct and suitable ring for a man, but open to the objection that there is a risk of the stone working loose and being lost.

Many men like Belcher rings, that is, plain, broad gold bands, but I think the crested or monogramed signet ring is smarter.

A carbuncle or garnet set in gold makes a handsome and gentlemanly ring for a man, and would be within my correspondent's financial mark. But again, there is a risk of the stone working loose.

A.J.R. also inquires on which finger the ring should be worn.

On either the third or the little finger, preferably the latter, and again preferably the little finger of the left hand, for the common-sense reason that as the average man uses his right hand more than the left, there is less risk of the ring being scratched or damaged.

FOOTBALLERS' RINGS.

As a follower of football, I have often noticed players, both amateurs and professionals, wearing rings when playing.

I do not think it is a good practice. Players may say that it is not always safe to leave valuables in the dressing-rooms, but why not leave them at home.

The beringed footballer is apt to savour of "swank," and, apart from this, in the case of an accidental blow in the face a ring may inflict a nasty cut.

CLOTHES AND WARMTH.

Without intruding on the preserves of my friend, the *Modern Man* Physical Culture Expert, a word about clothing and keeping warm.

Loose clothing has the duel merit of being cool in summer and warm in winter.

Tight clothing impedes the circulation and predisposes to chills, colds, chilblains and other ailments. It is a mistake to wear a great deal of clothing in winter.

Far more chills and colds are caught from wearing too much clothing than from wearing too little.

We men are very silly about our waistcoats. We have them thick in front and thin behind, whereas warmth and protection from cold are most needed round the back.

I have all my waistcoats, and particularly my evening dress one, lined with flannel for the winter.

PUTTING ON GLOVES.

"K." (Dulwich) asks the correct way of putting on gloves.

Certainly. Fingers first, thumb last.

Don't as so many men do, catch hold of the lower end of the glove and try forcibly to drag it on.

Gently introduce the fingers into the stalls, pressing and smoothing the glove with a downward motion over them.

THEATRE "UNDRESS."

If you go to the dress circle of a theatre in "undress," it is not necessary to wear a frock or morning coat.

A lounge suit is quite permissible, but it should be dark in colour, say, dark grey or blue serge. In my own humble opinion, "dressing" for the theatre is rather overdone.

On the Continent and in America men rarely "dress" even for the boxes and stalls, with the result that they "drop into" the theatre far more frequently than the average man does here.

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